

A
MAD
LOOK AT
OLD MOVIES

SIGNET
50¢
D2955

A SIGNET BOOK

OR... **LIGHTS!**
CAMERA!
NAUSEA!

A SELECTION
OF SOCKO
SENTIMENTAL
SATIRICAL
SCENARIOS



WRITTEN BY
DICK DE BARTOLO
ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK DAVIS
AND
MORT DRUCKER

"We've read a lot of books in our time . . ."

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

"* * * 3/16 *"

DAILY NEWS

"It had several things that the finest books ever written had: Front Cover, Back Cover, and pages . . ."

NEW YORK TIMES

"Dick's schticks, w/ Mort & Jack pics of old flicks—clicks!"

VARIETY

"After reading Mr. DeBartolo's book, we hope we can get him to write a screenplay for us"

ACME STAG MOVIES

"The BEST book we've reviewed in the last THREE YEARS!!!"

THE DAILY MIRROR

"I could hardly pick it up"

THE READING PUBLIC



**More of William M. Gaines' MAD Humor
in SIGNET Editions**

(50¢ each)

The Bedside Mad	(#D2316)
Fighting Mad	(#D2385)
Greasy Mad Stuff	(#D2343)
The Ides of Mad	(#D2384)
It's a World, World, World, World Mad	(#D2764)
Like, Mad	(#D2347)
The Mad Frontier	(#D2499)
Mad in Orbit!	(#D2617)
The Mad Sampler	(#D2627)
The Organization Mad	(#D2286)
Raving Mad	(#D2864)
The Self-Made Mad	(#D2561)
Son of Mad	(#D2285)
The Three Ring Mad	(#D2439)
The Voodoo Mad	(#D2276)

by Don Martin

Don Martin Bounces Back	(#D2287)
Don Martin Drops 13 Stories	(#D2701)
Don Martin Steps Out	(#D2107)

by Dave Berg

Mad's Dave Berg Looks at People	(#D2801)
Mad's Dave Berg Looks at the U.S.A.	(#D3409)

TO OUR READERS: If your dealer does not have the SIGNET and MENTOR books you want, you may order them by mail enclosing the list price plus 10¢ a copy to cover mailing. (New York City residents add 5% Sales Tax. Other New York State residents add 2% plus any local sales or use taxes). If you would like our free catalog, please request it by postcard. The New American Library, Inc., P. O. Box 2310, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017.

A MAD Look at OLD MOVIES



Written by **DICK DE BARTOLO**

Illustrated by **JACK DAVIS
& MORT DRUCKER**

Edited by **NICK MEGLIN**



A **SIGNET BOOK**

Published by The New American Library, New York and Toronto
The New English Library Limited, London

COPYRIGHT © 1966 BY DICK DE BARTOLO, MORT DRUCKER, JACK
DAVIS AND E. C. PUBLICATIONS, INC.

All rights reserved

FIRST PRINTING, NOVEMBER, 1966

SIGNET TRADEMARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES
REGISTERED TRADEMARK—MARCA REGISTRADA
HECHO EN CHICAGO, U.S.A.

SIGNET BOOKS are published in the *United States* by
The New American Library, Inc.,
1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019,
in *Canada* by The New American Library of Canada Limited,
295 King Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario,
in the *United Kingdom* by The New English Library Limited,
Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London, E.C. 1, England

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CONTENTS

TARZAN FACES TSURIS..... 9

Can a grown man go ape for the primitive jungle life?

(Illustrated by Mort Drucker)

LITTLE MISS WISHY WASHY..... 63

Can a little girl make a real horse her hobby?

(Illustrated by Jack Davis)

THE CASE OF THE MURDERER WHO KILLED 97

Can a private detective tip the scales of justice if there's no tipping allowed?

(Illustrated by Jack Davis)

BROKEN HEARTS OVER BROADWAY..... 147

Can a girl from the Bronx who seeks world-renown and wealth find happiness with merely fame and fortune?

(Illustrated by Jack Davis)



HOW AND WHY THIS BOOK CAME TO BE

As her name might suggest, Mrs. De Bartolo, our author's mother, is Jewish. You're probably now asking, "What has *that* got to do with this book!" And I'll probably answer, "Nothing!" But Jewish humor is so "in" today we have to do something to help a guy with a name like De Bartolo sell a book. Oh yes—the book. It all started with a phone call . . .

"Hello, Nick? Dick De Bartolo here. Guess what? I'm making a movie."

"If the cops find out, I don't know you!"

"Not *that* kind of movie! I'm doing a satire on "How The West Was Won."

"That movie is a satire already!"

"That's a funny line."

"As long as you take that attitude, I'll listen. What's up?"

"I thought making an 8mm sound movie would be fun. The gang here at Goodson-Todman will help me out, and I got permission from Freedomland to use their western town to shoot it in. Even some celebrities on "Match Game" will take cameo roles—Henry Morgan, Abbe Lane, Mickey Rooney, Gene Rayburn, Kitty Carlisle, Rae Pichon . . ."

"Some celebrities! The only one I ever heard of is Ray Pichon. He's great!"

"*Rae* is a *girl* who works here! You certainly know show business! Anyway, I was wondering if you'd . . ."

"I'm broke!"

". . . care to be in it!"

Well, the film was made without me and was a huge success anyway! It was originally shown for Dick's friends and co-workers, but Dorothy Kilgallen devoted half her column the next morning to praising the spoof. Dick received hundreds of requests to show it again, and he finally ended up renting a ballroom at a large hotel to show it twice a night for a full week. It wasn't too long after that the phone rang again . . .

"I'm doing another movie!"

"That movie is a satire already!"

"I didn't tell you what it is yet!"

"When I've got a good line, I can't hold it back!"

"Listen, I'm doing a satire on all the old 'Broadway' movies where the star gets sick and the little chorus girl takes over opening night and becomes a star."

"So?"

"I was wondering if you'd care . . ."

"What part?"

". . . to lend me some money . . ."

"No!" (How's that for a clever ad lib!)

The new movie, "242nd Street" opened to a standing room only crowd. Everyone wanted to see it, and everyone had wanted to be in it. The final cast included Jayne Mansfield, Sal Mineo, Van Johnson, Joan Fontaine, John Payne, Phyllis Diller, Hugh Downs, Don Ameche, Betty White, Robert Q. Lewis, Bennett Cerf, etc.

Next morning . . .

"Nick, old buddy . . ."

"I know—you're doing another movie!"

"No—an article for Mad Magazine based on an old movie!"

"That movie's a satire already!"

"I wish you'd give up on that line already!"

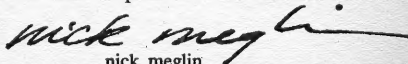
A satire on the old World War I airplane movies, "Flying Aces," was the result. Reader response was so favorable that Dick came back with a take-off on the giant gorilla pictures called "Son Of Mighty Joe Kong." Then came "Crazy Fists," a satire on the "Golden Boy" prizefighter type movie. Mail came pouring in, so this time I called *him* . . .

"Dick, how about doing a *book* of old movie satires?"

"That movie's a satire already!" (He beat me to it . . .)

"No fooling! A paperback with Mort Drucker and Jack Davis doing the illustrations would be great. You could do a murder mystery, a Broadway kind of thing like "242nd Street," and all the cliches . . ."

Well, his answer was obvious—he said "no." However, Mrs. De Bartolo, Dick's Jewish mother (an insurance plug!) had been taking notes of all Dick's ideas, and as soon as we had them translated we went to press . . . but that movie's a satire already!



nick meglin

Associate Editor, Mad Magazine



AFRICA



ALGIERS

CASABLANCA

CAIRO

There is a land where a thousand strange tongues are spoken...where people still live in primitive dwellings...and where the sound of a thousand pulsating drums pierce the air ...so much for New York City! Now we must turn our attention to the mystery, intrigue and jungle lore of darkest Africa—home of primitive existence—home of adventure—home of

Tarzan

MOZAMBIQUE

LEOPOLDVILLE

ST. JAMES
PLACE

MARVIN
GARDENS

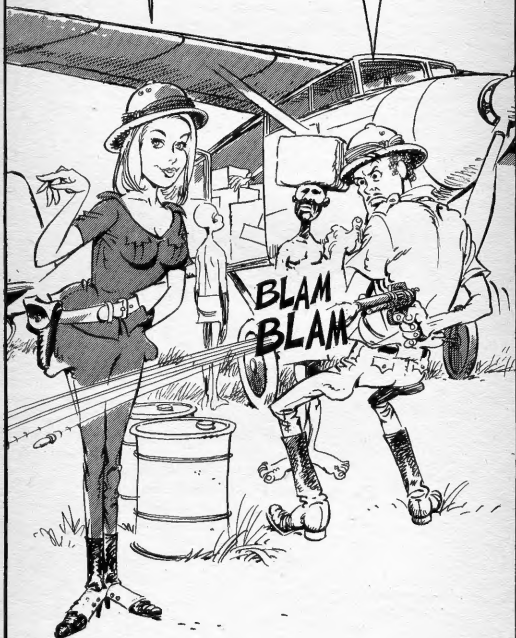
VENTNOR
AVENUE

PARK PLACE

IIIQT
DRUCKER

I've been scouting around
and found a brook just
beyond those trees...

Pat! Don't make a move!
There's an alligator behind you!



You idiot!
That's my **luggage**!

Sorry!

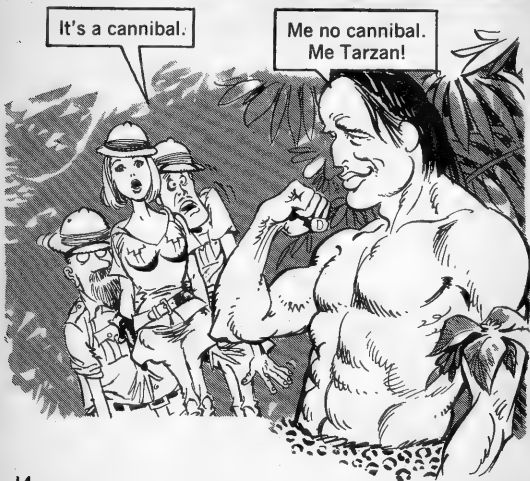
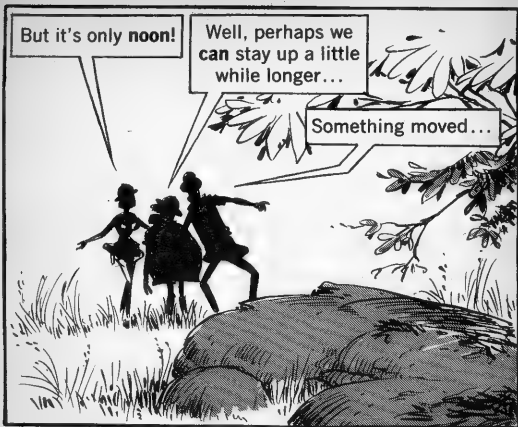
I suggest we turn in now.
We'll want to get an early
start in the morning.



Turn in **already**, Dad?

The jungle laws are **different**
than those you're used to,
Patricia, my dear!







Tarzan?

Yes. Parents lose me
in jungle when I baby.
Me grow up with animals.



I can't believe **that**!

I can. Stand a little
closer and **inhale**!

What became of your
parents, Tarzan?

They set out for lost
mine of Queen Faraday...
never return!



But how did you survive all
these years by yourself?

Trees give me shelter.
Bushes give me berries.
Brook give me water.
Clothes I make myself!



It's very pretty.

This old thing?
I've had it for years...

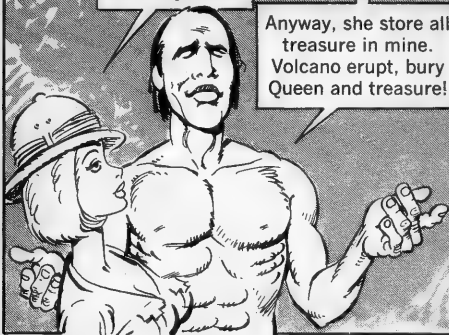


What was this Queen
Faraday Mine your
parents were looking
for, Tarzan?

Queen Faraday rule Gower tribe.
She very strong. Win all fights,
even with strongest tribemen.
She **Gower champion!** Tarzan make
little joke there...

Yes, very little!

Anyway, she store all
treasure in mine.
Volcano erupt, bury
Queen and treasure!



How awful!

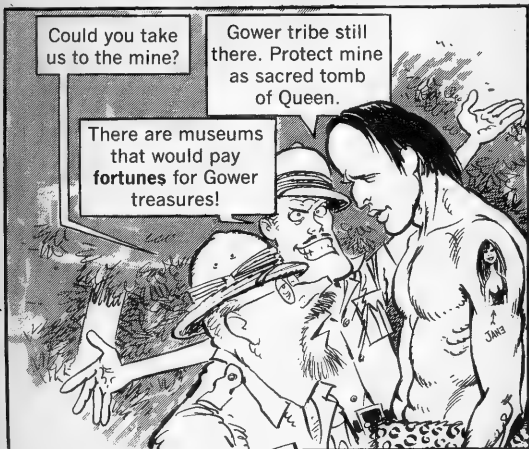
Yes. But it sure break up monotony for a few hours!



Could you take us to the mine?

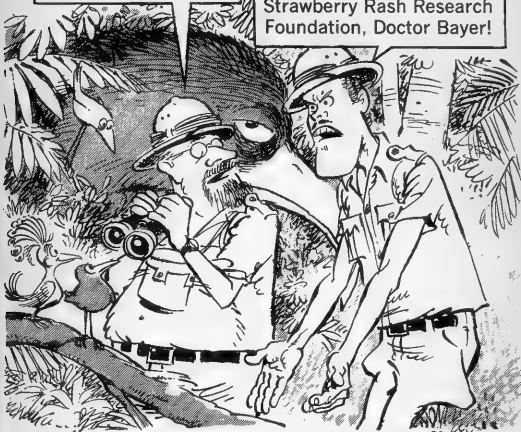
Gower tribe still there. Protect mine as sacred tomb of Queen.

There are museums that would pay **fortunes** for Gower treasures!



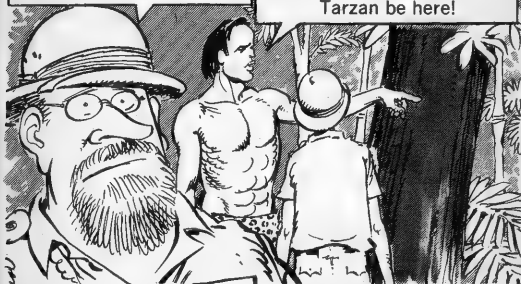
We didn't come here
to make money, Duke!

Think of what half a million
dollars could do for your
Strawberry Rash Research
Foundation, Doctor Bayer!



Yes, money **would** help the
suffering multitudes...
Will you help us Tarzan?

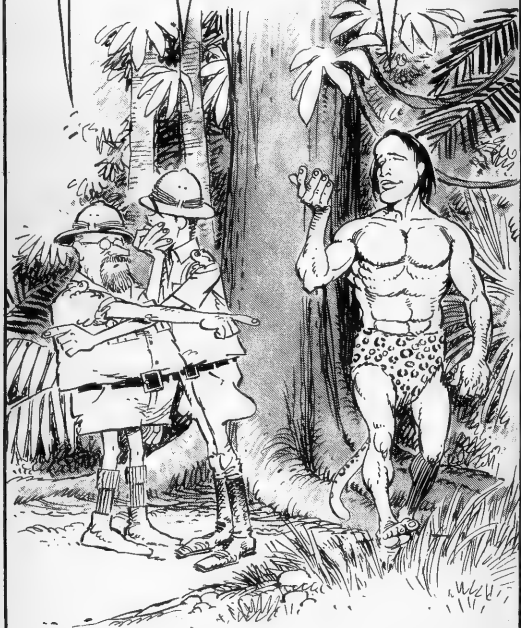
Tarzan meet you in morning!
Wait till sun high. When tree
cast shadow in this direction,
Tarzan be here!



When tree cast shadow
in **this** direction?

No, I think he said
this direction...

If that too confusing
make it ten-ish!
Tarzan go now...



THE NEXT MORNING...

Ah! What a beautiful sunrise...

Pat! Don't make a move! There's a leopard behind you!



You stupid klutz! That's my leopard-skin jacket!

Sorry!

It's ten o'clock. Tarzan should be here any minute!





I'm so sorry you fell,
Tarzan. Where does it hurt?

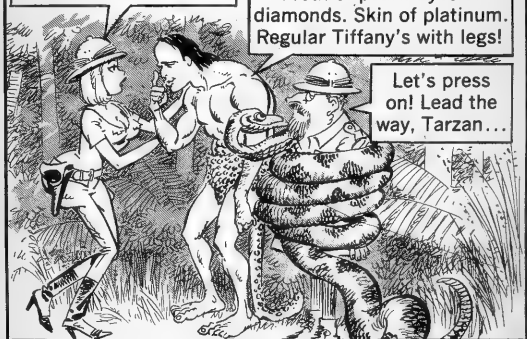
Only on spot where woman
stand on Tarzan's bare foot!



Oh, forgive me,
Tarzan! I wouldn't ever
want to hurt you!

Woman kind. Have heart
of gold. Lips of ruby.
Teeth of pearl. Eyes of
diamonds. Skin of platinum.
Regular Tiffany's with legs!

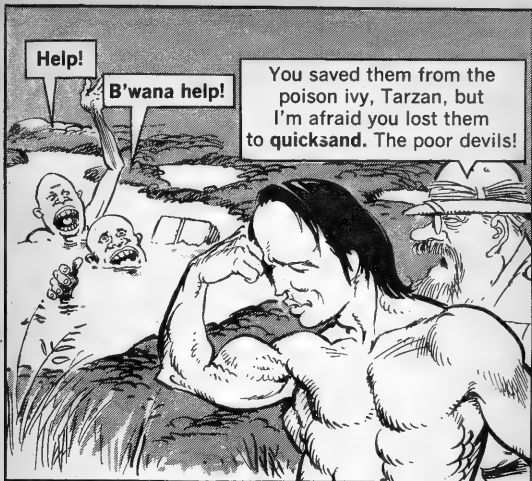
Let's press
on! Lead the
way, Tarzan...

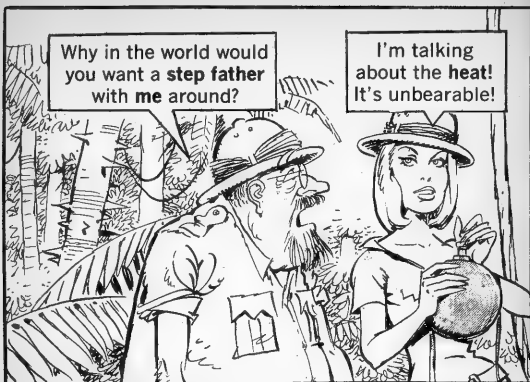


Halt! Tarzan spot poison
ivy! Go around tree...



BOY NOT
CARE--
BOY NOT
RELIGIOUS!






Girl not in big city now!
Can't turn on faucet,
bang on pipes, complain
to landlord, call Board of
Health, then get plenty
rusty water...

That's true,
Tarzan. However...

Special
THIS WEEK
BAR MITZVAH
SAFARI!

Every drop count!
Girl have any idea
how far to fresh
water?

Yes. I'd say
about a good
ten steps!



Help...the
pain...in
my stomach...

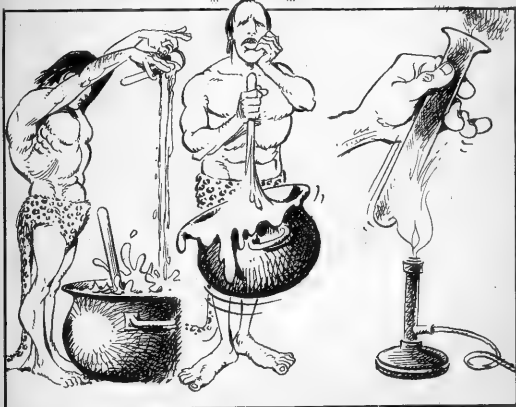
What happened,
Duke?

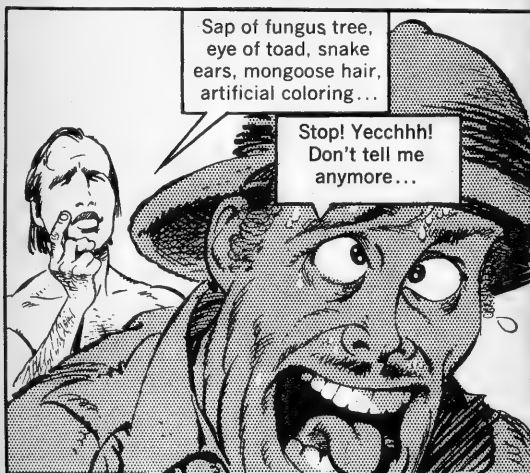
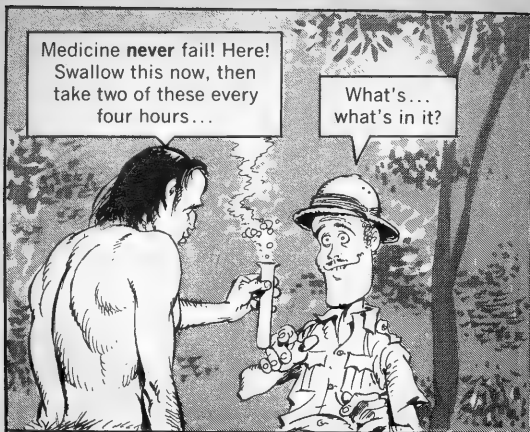
I just ate some of
these elderberries...

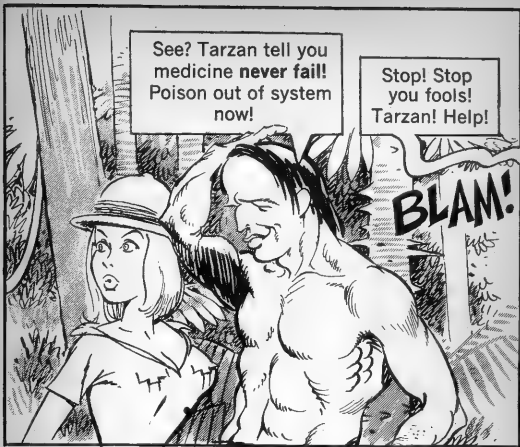
Those **not** elderberries!
Those **older** than
elderberries! Those
ancient berries! **Poison!**

Poison? Can you do anything, Tarzan?

Tarzan regular Ben Casey...
make socko jungle medicine...



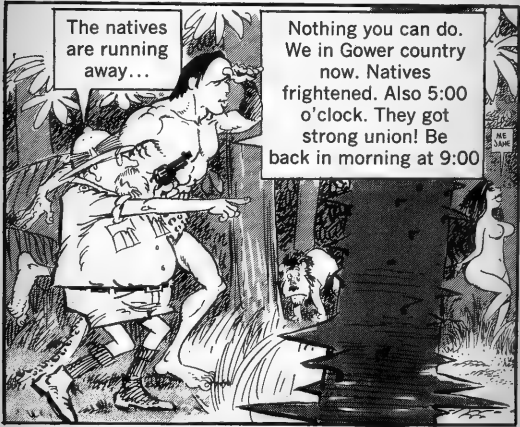




See? Tarzan tell you
medicine **never** fail!
Poison out of system
now!

Stop! Stop
you fools!
Tarzan! Help!

BLAM!



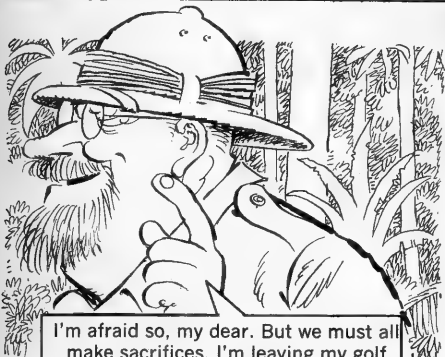
The natives
are running
away...

Nothing you can do.
We in Gower country
now. Natives
frightened. Also 5:00
o'clock. They got
strong union! Be
back in morning at 9:00

ME
JANE

We can't **wait** that long!
We'll go on **without them!**
We'll camp now and
press on at sunrise.
And we can only take the
barest essentials with us.
Nothing extra!

I hope you don't
consider my portable
hair dryer an extra...



I'm afraid so, my dear. But we must all
make sacrifices. I'm leaving my golf
clubs, and Duke is leaving his bound
collections of Playboy Magazine.
Now let's all of us get some rest...

THE NEXT MORNING...



While everyone sleep, Tarzan look around—find much broken shrubbery. Gowers probably set many traps. Be careful every step you take!

What do these traps look
liiiiikkkkee...



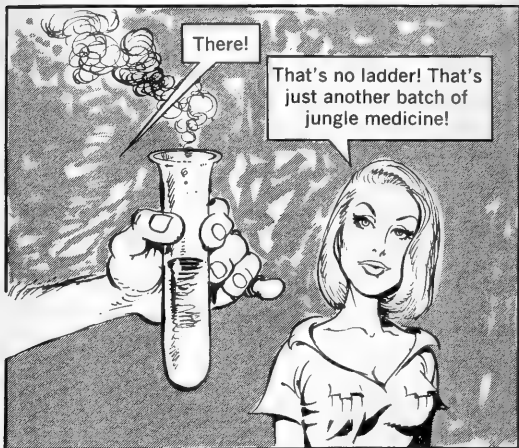
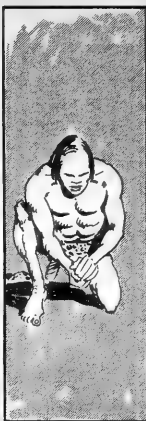
Let's see. Well, they round,
usually about 10 feet deep,
covered with branches...

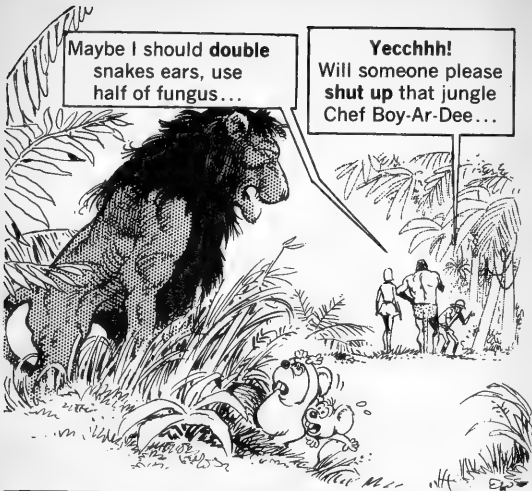
Idiot! He's
in one! Get
him out!



Tarzan make primitive ladder
out of primitive aluminum...

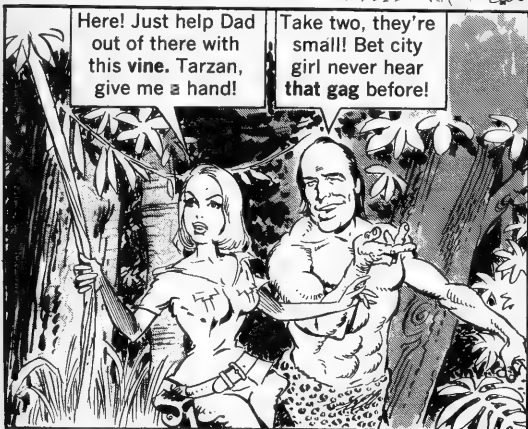






Maybe I should **double**
snakes ears, use
half of fungus...

Yecchhh!
Will someone please
shut up that jungle
Chef Boy-Ar-Dee...



Here! Just help Dad
out of there with
this **vine**. Tarzan,
give me a hand!

Take two, they're
small! Bet city
girl never hear
that gag before!



Oh-oh! **Troubles** with Dad over, but
but **tsuris** with Gower tribe
begins!

Tsuris? I don't
understand...

Tsuris means
plenty headaches!

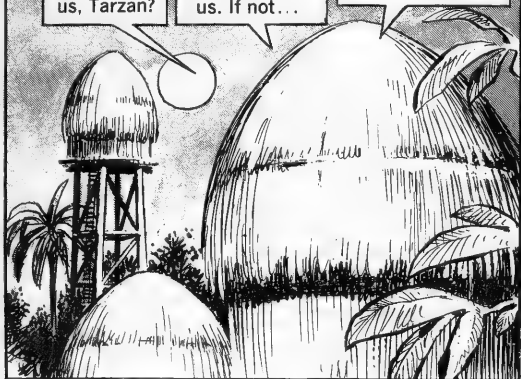
Funny, you don't
look Jewish...
Take them away!



What will
they do with
us, Tarzan?

If we're very
lucky, they kill
us. If not...

Quiet! I hear
footsteps outside!



Yipes!
A hairy
pygmy!

That no hairy pygmy!
That **Cheetah**! He can
help us. Cheetah, listen.
Go back to camp...
bring back Doctor's
transmitters...

Goork!
Goork!



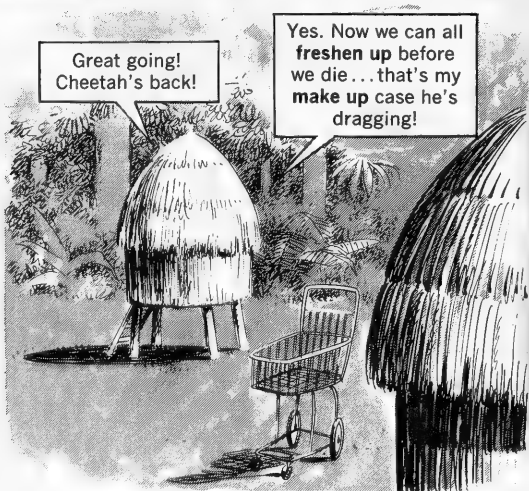
That's **incrédible!**
How did you teach
him to understand?

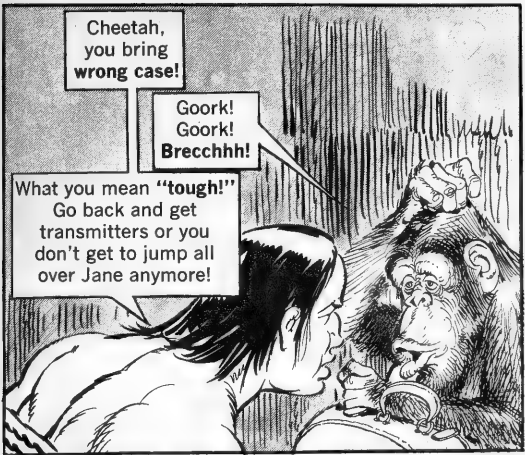
A little patience,
a little understanding,
a lot of beatings...



Great going!
Cheetah's back!

Yes. Now we can all
freshen up before
we die... that's my
make up case he's
dragging!





Cheetah,
you bring
wrong case!

Goork!
Goork!
Brecchhh!

What you mean **"tough!"**
Go back and get
transmitters or you
don't get to jump all
over Jane anymore!



Who is
Jane?

Jane
jungle
girl.

Is she
pretty?

Not as
pretty as
Tarzan!



Here's Cheetah again!

Well, at least we won't
be **bored** to death...
that's my collection of
Playboy he's dragging!

Cheetah! What **wrong**
with you? Now go back
and get transmitters
or I trade you in for
Rin-Tin-Tin...

Yeah? Well
same to **you**,
fella!

Goork!
Gawww!
#@&%!!!



Those drums...
what are they
doing out there?

Festive
native
dance...

Do the Wa-Wa-Watusi
Wave your arms all about
Do the Wa-Wa-Watusi
Skip and hop and shout



Cheetah's
back!

And what little
goodie has Santa's
helper dragged in
now?

By George!
It's the **transmitters!**
He did it!

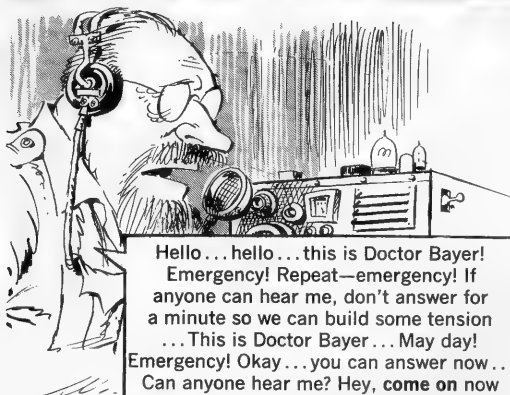


Good boy, Cheetah! Now watch how smart
Cheetah is—see, first he take knife
and cut ropes—now he take band-aids
cause he also cut **wrists.**
Cheetah smart as a fox, also blind as a bat!



Tarzan cut Doctor free
before Jack the Ripper
in monkey suit do it...

Thank you, Tarzan!
Duke...you try that
unit, I'll try this
one.



Hello...hello...this is Doctor Bayer!
Emergency! Repeat—emergency! If
anyone can hear me, don't answer for
a minute so we can build some tension
...This is Doctor Bayer... May day!
Emergency! Okay...you can answer now...
Can anyone hear me? Hey, **come on** now
...this is **enough** tension already!
Do you read me? **Emergency**, honest!

Hello! Hello!
I read you loud
and clear...


Thank God!
What is your name?
Where are you?



Duke! And I'm
being held captive
by natives.

I'm Doctor Bayer,
and I'm being held
captive...you stupid
moron...





Okay, kids,
let's have a
big finish before
dinner...

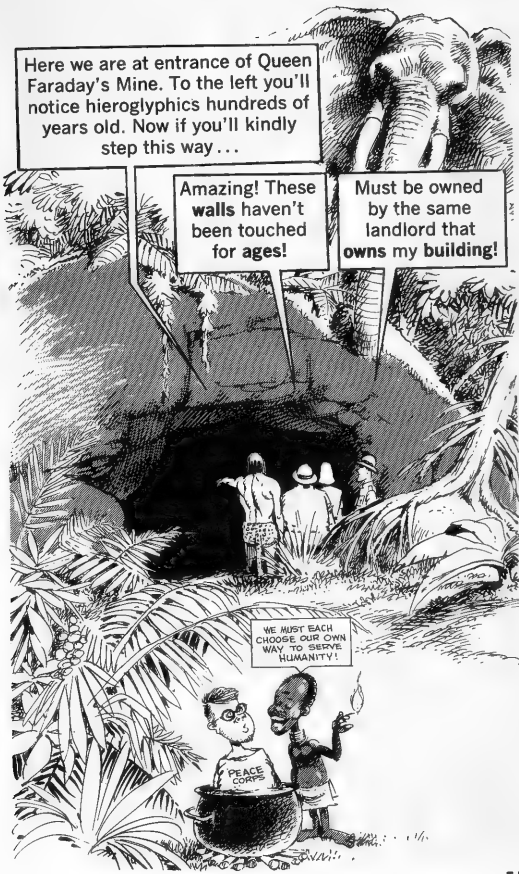
Wa-wa Tu-tu
Si-si, Signor
It's Watusi time
Once more...

Tarzan think we better make break for it while frugging Gowers top busy to notice. To get to Queen Faraday's Mine we must go through the valley of fierce fire, up the mountain of molten lava, across the plain of rain, around the valley of jolly green giant, and then down the boulevard of broken dreams. Tarzan certainly can turn a **phrase!**

Tarzan also know how to turn a **stomach!**

Let's go ...





Here we are at entrance of Queen Faraday's Mine. To the left you'll notice hieroglyphics hundreds of years old. Now if you'll kindly step this way ...

Amazing! These **walls** haven't been touched for ages!

Must be owned by the same landlord that owns my building!

WE MUST EACH CHOOSE OUR OWN WAY TO SERVE HUMANITY!

PEACE
CORPS

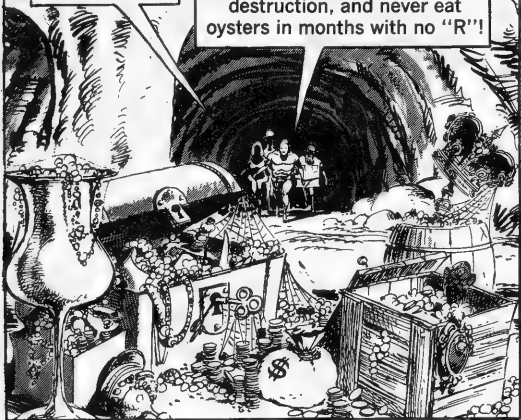
Among the many interesting landmarks we'll pass on the way to the treasure...

Next he'll be selling us refreshments and Queen Faraday pennants...!



Look! The jewels! Millions of them...

Look, but no touch! Queen Faraday Curse! "He who touch jewels, bring destruction, and never eat oysters in months with no "R"!"



I don't care about silly superstitions
Besides, I'm a **she**, not a **he**! and I'm
taking tons of this stuff!



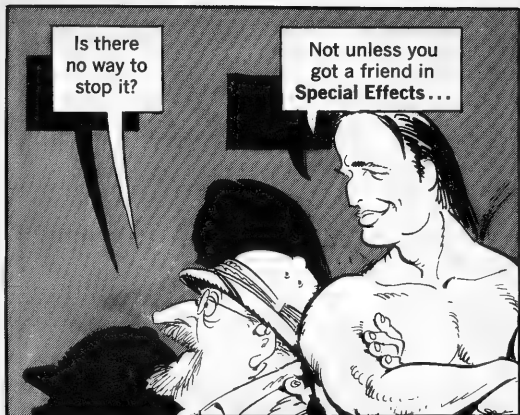
What's that
rumbling?

Volcano!
City woman disobey laws
of jungle with her big, grubby
hands! Now we in for it!



Is there
no way to
stop it?

Not unless you
got a friend in
Special Effects...



I won't take
anything, Tarzan...
just save us!

Tarzan know
rear exit!
Follow me...





How awful! Poor Dad...
buried under all
that papier maché...

Pat! Don't make a move!
There's a snake
around your arm!

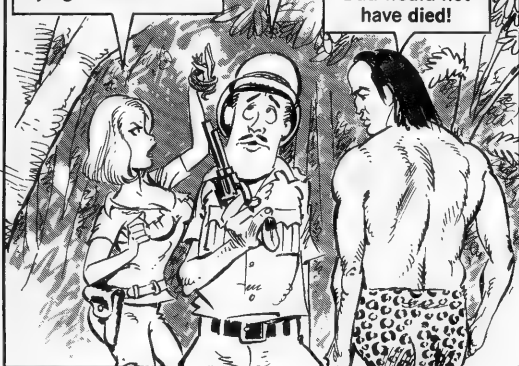
BLAM
BLAM



You idiot! That was a
snake bracelet I was
trying to sneak out...

Sorry!

If girl had left
bracelet in mine,
Dad would not
have died!



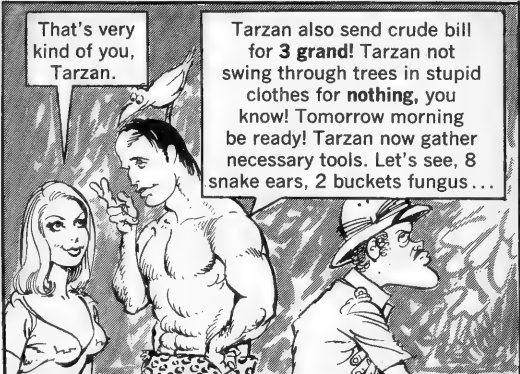
If idiot had not
shot up bracelet,
losing Dad would
have been worth it!

We've done enough damage
here... I think we'd better
head back to the States.

The airplane's okay,
but the volcanic
explosion has wrecked
the runway...


Tarzan get natives to
build crude airstrip...
build crude waiting room
over there... crude observation
tower here... crude reservation
desk in that corner...






That's very
kind of you,
Tarzan.

Tarzan also send crude bill
for **3 grand!** Tarzan not
swing through trees in stupid
clothes for **nothing**, you
know! Tomorrow morning
be ready! Tarzan now gather
necessary tools. Let's see, 8
snake ears, 2 buckets fungus...




You know, we
really owe a
lot to that
primitive man...

Yeah,
3 thousand
bucks!

A black and white comic panel showing the silhouettes of two people standing in a jungle. The person on the left is a woman with short hair, and the person on the right is a man wearing a hat. They are both looking towards the right. The background is filled with dense foliage and leaves.

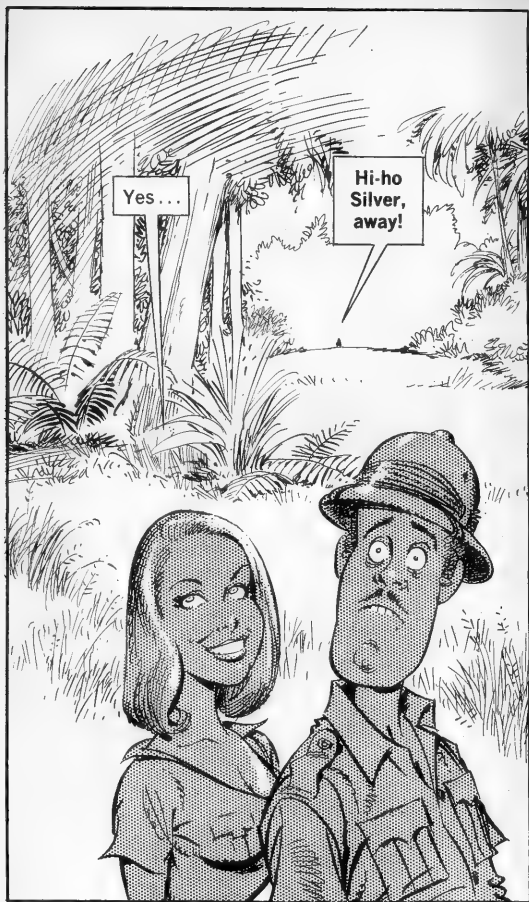
I mean other than that. He **did** save our lives...


Yes, you're right. I think we should tell him... But where did he go? He didn't even wait around to be thanked...

A black and white comic panel showing a woman and a man in a jungle. The woman is on the left, looking up at the man with a slight smile. The man is on the right, wearing a hat and a light-colored shirt, looking back at her with a wide, enthusiastic smile. His hands are clasped together in front of him. The background is filled with dense foliage and leaves.

You must have heard all those stories about him. He **never** waits to be thanked. Just seeing justice done is thanks enough...

You mean he was....



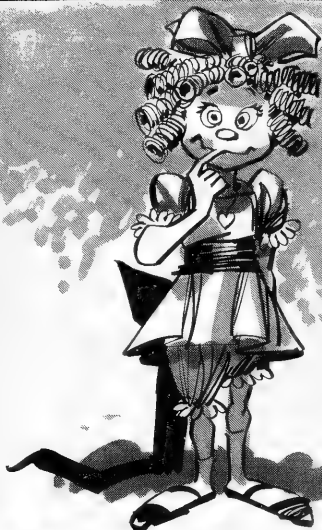


Don't you have the
strange feeling something's
a little mixed up...

Yes... it's
"Hi-yo, Silver"
isn't it?

THE
END

Show me a curly-headed little girl with big blue eyes, a ton of charm, and a disposition that can never be dampened and we'll show you a million upset stomachs! Meet...



**LITTLE MISS
WISHY WASHY**

DING DONG!

Land sakes alive, it sounds like
the door bell! **Coming!**



Why Margaret Rose Annabelle Brown! How do you do! Now you just come on in and make yourself right at home. I just baked a batch of homemade toll house cookies, and there's coffee on the stove...



... and fresh milk
in the refrigerator.

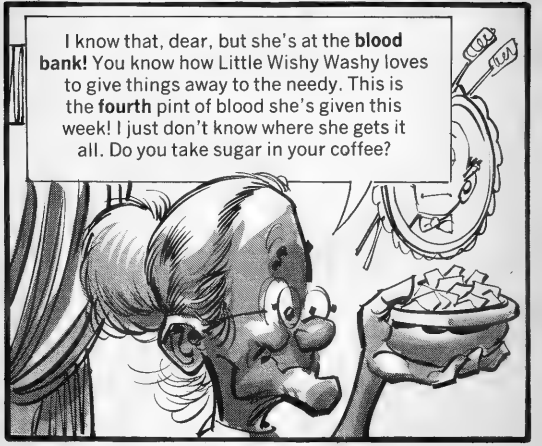
Where's Little
Miss Wishy Washy?



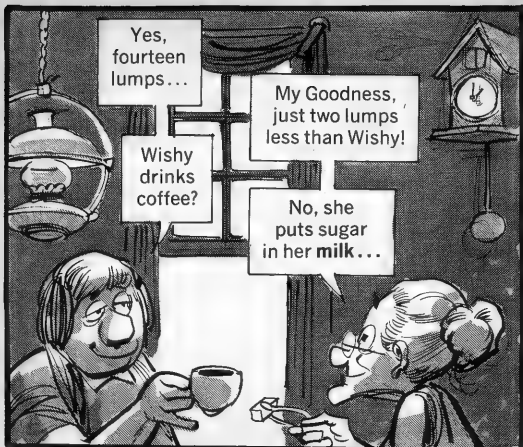


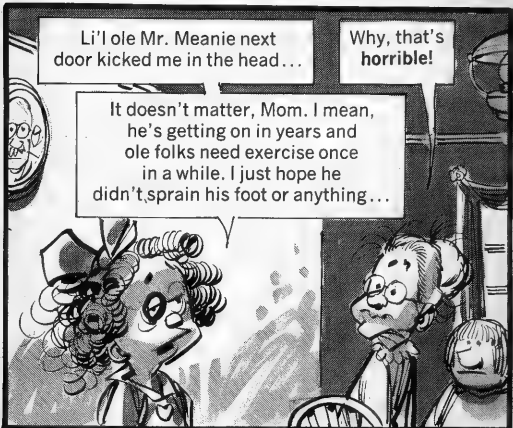
She's at
the bank!

My goodness! Only six years
old and already she puts away
part of her income. It sure
is nifty to be thrifty, that's
what I always say!



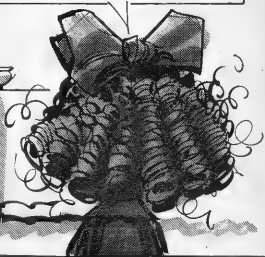
I know that, dear, but she's at the **blood bank**! You know how Little Wishy Washy loves to give things away to the needy. This is the **fourth** pint of blood she's given this week! I just don't know where she gets it all. Do you take sugar in your coffee?





And how's school,
Wishy dear?

Why, just wonderful, Mrs.
Brown. We got our report
cards today and I got 100%
in Reading, 100% in
Arithmetic, 100% in
Penmanship and 115%
in cooperation!



A little **lower** than last
time, but don't worry honey,
you'll do better. How
about some cookies I just
baked?

I would really love some,
but better you give my
share to the Girl Scouts
to sell.

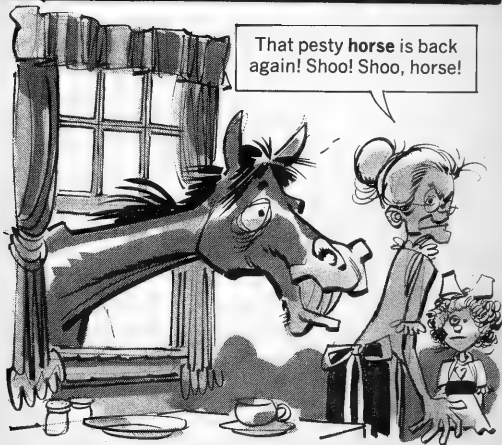


But what about
your friend
the dentist?

You're right, Mommy! No
sweets, no cavities, no
business for nice
Dr. Goldcap. I'd better
have a dozen...



That pesty horse is back
again! Shoo! Shoo, horse!



Mother, please don't chase Blackie away.



I'm sorry, Wishy, but that horse has got to stay away from the house. The sugar bills around here are getting impossible. Now you go out there and shoo him away!

All right, Mother.



Hello, Mr. Horse. How are you today? Here's some sugar for you—out of my 5 lb. daily allotment. How is Blackie-Wackie's huffy-woofy?

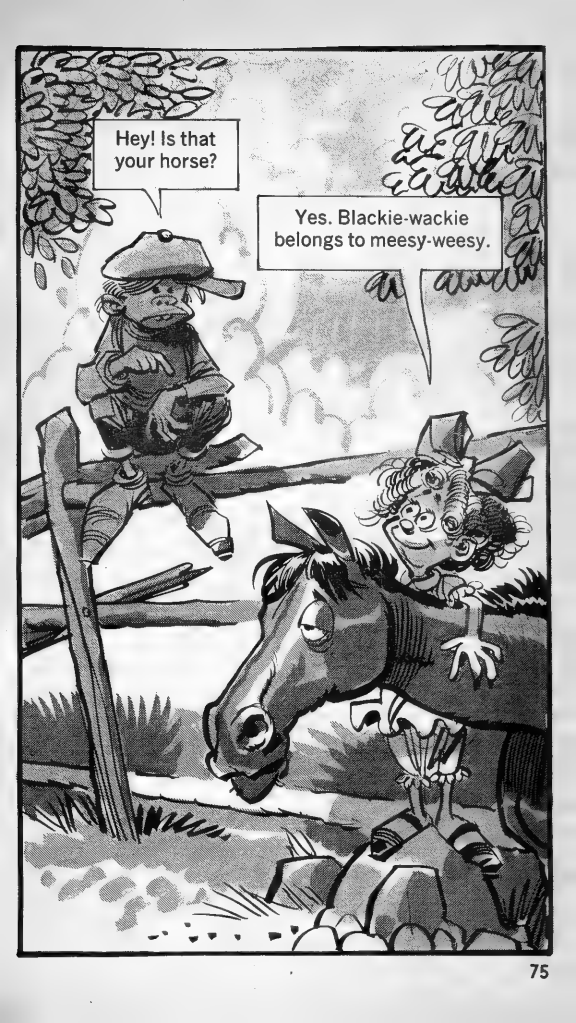
I think I'm about to be sick!



Is horsey-worsey hungry?
Would Blackie-Wacky like
some hayzy-wayzy?

If only someone would
notify the ASPCA.
This is **inhumane!**





Hey! Is that
your horse?

Yes. Blackie-wackie
belongs to meesy-weesy.

Well, isn't that
hotsy-totsy!
Is he a race breed?

I never inquire as
to race, breed,
or religion!

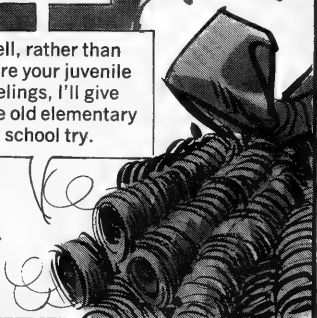


I mean does
he run fast?

Well, how
would I know?

Get on him
and see!

Well, rather than
injure your juvenile
feelings, I'll give
it the old elementary
school try.



I'm wearing my brand new watch,
so I can time you. Ready...set...GO!



Wowee!
Blackie-wackie,
you sure run
fasty-wasty!

If I can find a nice low branch
somewhere—**POW**—a nice big job
for wonderful Doctor Goldcap!



Amazing! Absolutely **AMAZING!**



My new watch
doesn't work!

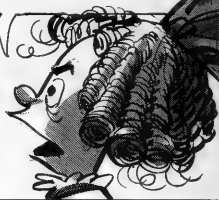
I'm sorry about that,
but as long as your
heart works, you can't
ask for anything more...



Oh, yeah? Well, when I get my hands on that dirty crook who sold it to me I'll fix it so his heart don't tick either!

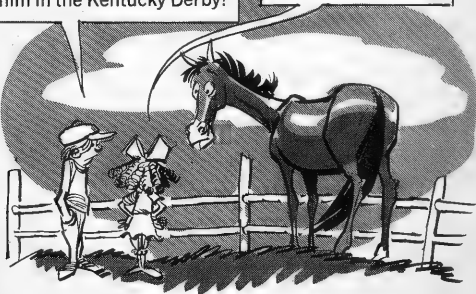


Please! If you can't say anything **nice** about a person, you shouldn't say **anything at all!** Or are you too **stupid** to know that?



Forget about the watch. I don't even need one to see that that horse is a winner! What do you say we enter him in the Kentucky Derby?

Enter Blackie in a race? Make him **compete**? You must be kidding!



No, but we could use a few laughs to overcome your sickening personality. Besides, look at all the opportunities you'll have to cry and make speeches, and, if you play your cards right, maybe you'll get **beat up** again!



I don't play cards, of course, but I do like the part about getting beat up.

Well, if we're going to enter Blackie, we'll have to start training him **immediately!**



Wait a second! I didn't say I **would**! I think it's **morally wrong** to ask an animal to race for you.

And **what**, I ask myself, does a six year old girl know about what is **morally wrong**?

If he wins we get \$50,000 ...

Then it's a deal?

Okay, kid, it's a deal.

Great. We can't waste any time. The Derby is only **3 weeks** away!

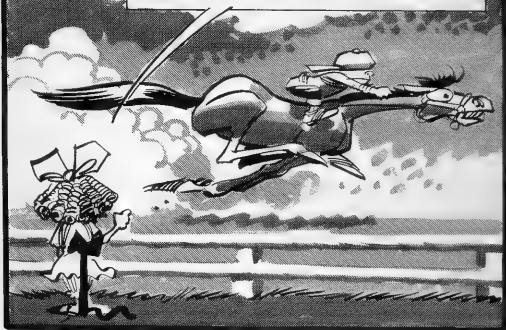
First week...

That was good... 2 minutes even.
But we got a long way to go yet...



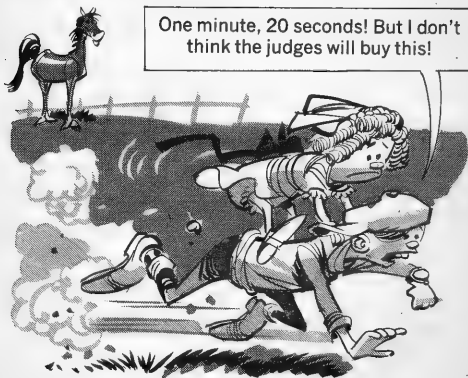
Second week...

That was better... 1 minute 45 seconds.
But we still have to do better...



Third week...

One minute, 20 seconds! But I don't
think the judges will buy this!



And finally...

Well, Wishy, tomorrow's the big race, but so far I haven't been able to raise the \$25 to enter Blackie.

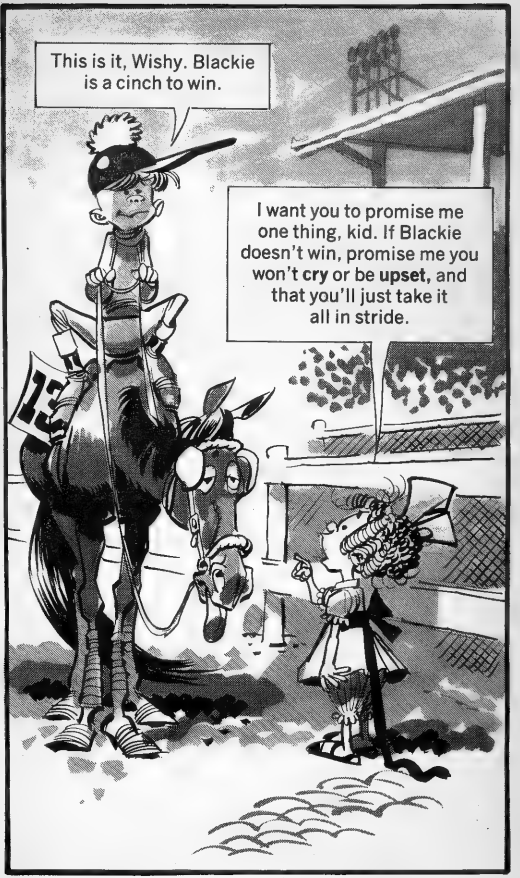
I was able to get the money. I figured at a time like this some real **sacrifice** would have to be made. Some very loved toys would have to be sold...



Gee, Wishy...you deserve a **special thanks**...

You too...they were **your** toys! See you tomorrow...



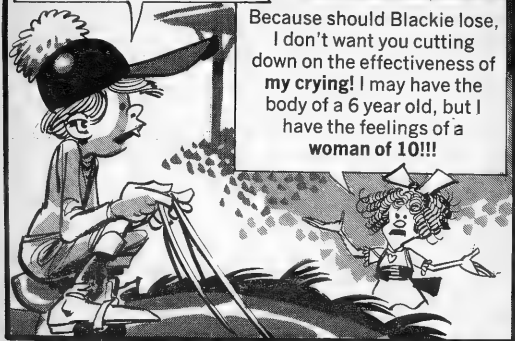


This is it, Wishy. Blackie
is a cinch to win.

I want you to promise me
one thing, kid. If Blackie
doesn't win, promise me you
won't cry or be **upset**, and
that you'll just take it
all in stride.

Okay, Wishy, I promise.
And it's mighty decent of
you to think about me...

Because should Blackie lose,
I don't want you cutting
down on the effectiveness of
my crying! I may have the
body of a 6 year old, but I
have the feelings of a
woman of 10!!!



There's the signal. I've got to take
Blackie to the starting post.

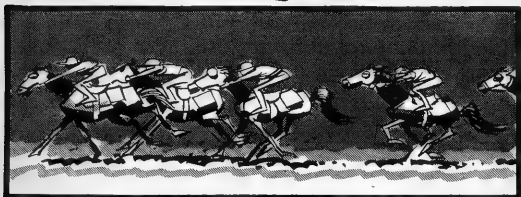


I'll do my schtick from the grandstand. Now listen, Blackie-Wacky, you do your horsey best. And remember—I love you like I love all the animals in all the forests and all the farms in all the countries in the whole, wide world.

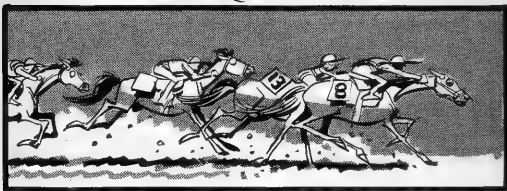
Let me run!
I can't stand her!



They're off. In first place it's Lotta Luck
...then Fat Chance... Edsel third...
Iacavazzi running fourth... and Blackie-Wackie...



In the stretch it's Iacavazzi and Blackie-Wackie (how's that for cutting an overlong sequence?)...



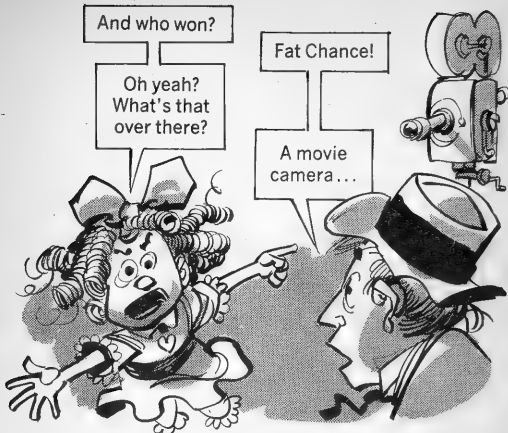
And at the finish it's Fat Chance first,
Blackie-Wackie second, Iacavazzi third, the
Santini Brothers fourth through tenth...



STOP THE RACE!!!

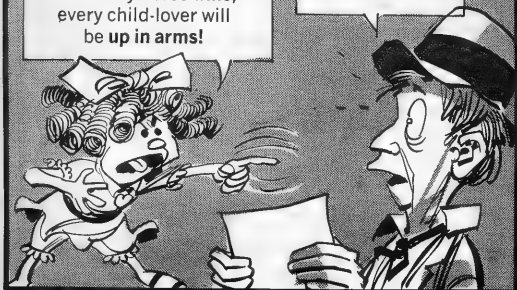
But the race
is over, child.



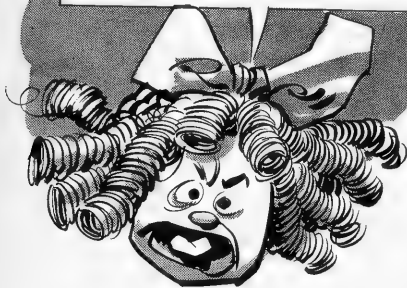


Not just **any** little girl!
A 6 year **adorable** little
girl! America's **sweetheart**
to be exact! And Blackie-
Wackie is **MY** horse. And
unless my horse **wins**,
every child-lover will
be **up in arms**!

But it was a
photo finish...
we have proof
that Fat Chance
won...



Haven't you ever heard about a child's
sensitive heart? Haven't you learned that
a horse loved by a child **never** loses?
Haven't you been told that photos can be
retouched?

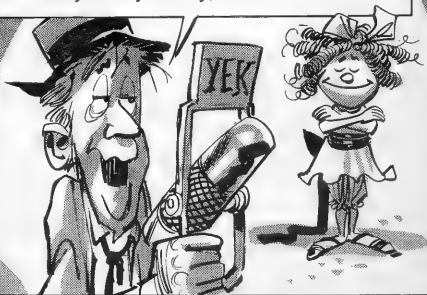


My dear, dear child... I won't **hear** of such a thing! I have **scruples**, you know!

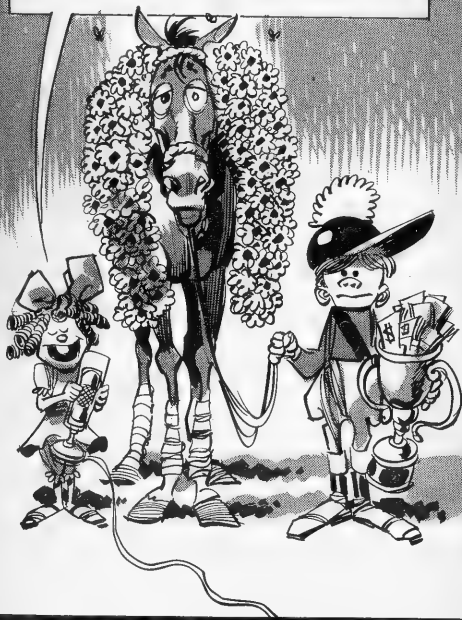
When a million of my loyal fans get up here, your scruples will be spread out **all over the track...**



Somehow your cute, childish way with words has won me over... Ladies and gentlemen, we have a **change** to announce. The winner of the last race is Little Miss Wishy-Washy's entry, **Blackie-Wackie!**



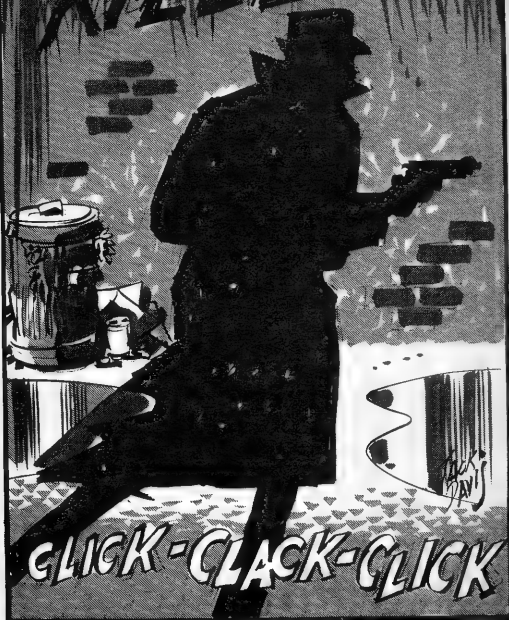
You're all probably wondering what we plan to do with this \$50,000. Both the kid and Blackie want me to take the responsibility of seeing to it that this enormous sum is used properly. This will not be hard. Every place I look I see suffering and unhappiness. All about me is sadness and poverty...

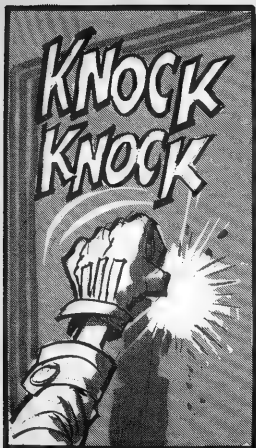


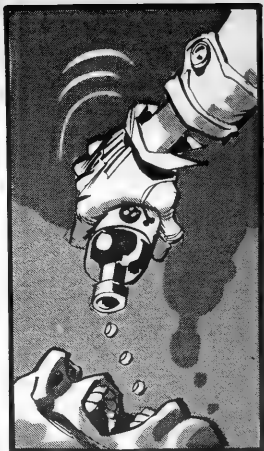
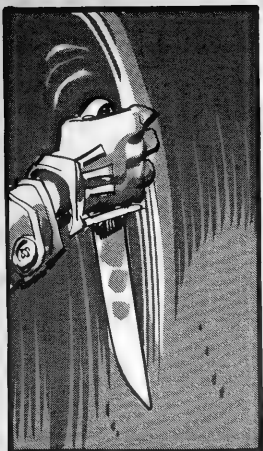
This sum of money won't allow me to alleviate
all these gloomy surroundings, but it
certainly will help in some little way.
Therefore, I'm going to take it and build
myself a home in the country where I won't
have to see any of this **unpleasantness**.
Goodbye, and God bless you all ...



THE CASE OF THE MURDERER WHO KILLED!







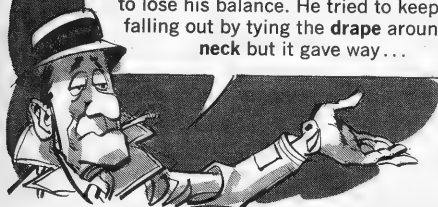
Later...

I officially pronounce
this man **dead**.

Sergeant, I'm Fran Janice,
Doctor Clinton's nurse. How
did the doctor die?



A typical **accident**. He was polishing a gun from his collection, which he **didn't** know was loaded, and pulled the trigger by mistake. The bullet entered his **skull** causing a severe **headache** which he attempted to alleviate by taking a bottle of sleeping pills. When **this** didn't work, he went to the **window** to call for help. The window was stuck so he attempted to pry it open with a **switchblade knife**. It flew open suddenly causing Clinton to lose his balance. He tried to keep from falling out by tying the **drape** around his **neck** but it gave way...



... he fell to the street and stabbed himself in the back with the knife he was holding. We see this kind of accident **every day** in our line of work, Miss Janice.

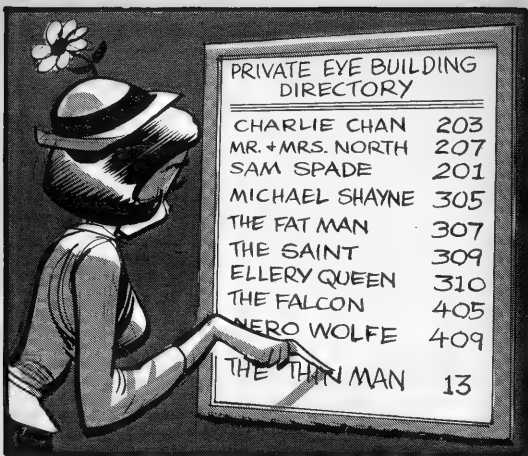
Just one thing, Sergeant. Doctor Clinton doesn't **own** a gun collection.



Well that's too bad because the report has been filed and the image of the Police Department **must be maintained**. What would the **public** think of us if we constantly changed our reports? Where are you going?

There's only **one person** who can help me now...





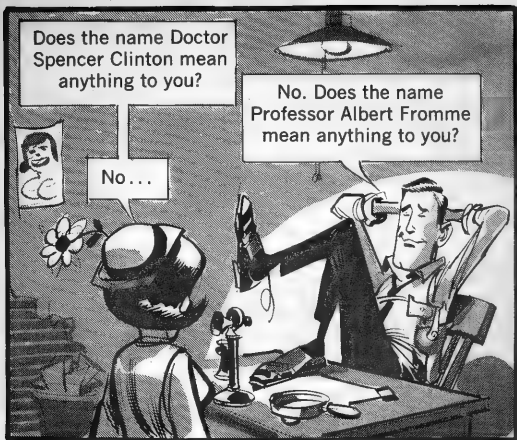
I've heard that you're
the best Private Investigator
around, Thin Man...

Yes I am, Miss, but
you're talking to
the coat rack! I'm
not really thin.
"Thin Man" is just a
nickname, so just
call me Nick.
What's your problem?

Does the name Doctor
Spencer Clinton mean
anything to you?

No. Does the name
Professor Albert Fromme
mean anything to you?

No...



Then we're **even**! Drop
in again some time and
we'll play some more.

You don't understand.
I'm Doctor Clinton's
nurse. The Doctor has
been **murdered**. I went
through his belongings
and found **your** name in
his appointment book...



I didn't do it!
I swear! I have
an alibi...

I don't suspect **you**, silly. I just
find it **strange** that he made an
appointment to see you before
he was murdered.



It would have been
stranger if he made the
appointment **after** he
was murdered!

Not only that, but Doctor
Clinton was the leading
dental X-ray man in the
city and I've
discovered that a set of
X-rays have been **stolen**.
That strikes me as
suspicious...



Nonsense. **Anyone** could have taken a set of X-rays. Probably some cleaning lady who couldn't afford a set of her own.

The stolen X-rays belonged to **Shifty McClean!** When McClean first came to us I thought his name sounded familiar, so I dug back through old newspapers and found **this...**

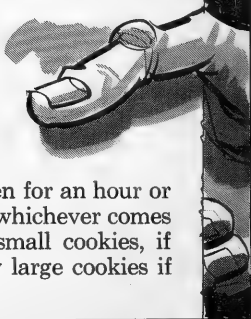


FLEAGLE PENITENTIARY CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter
1 egg
1 pkg. chocolate chips

2 tablespoons brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

Bake in moderate oven for an hour or until light browning, whichever comes first. Yield 3 dozen small cookies, if serving guests, 2 very large cookies if stuffing yourself...



Very interesting.
I'll bet they're delicious...

Delicious? Oh, that's
the **wrong** half of the
clipping. Read **above** it.



MCCLEAN RELEASED

Cosmo Yok (Shifty) McClean, sentenced to jail for 10 years for the Acme Savings Bank robbery, was released yesterday. The stolen one million dollars was never recovered, nor were the other bandits apprehended. When asked how he felt about being free after 10 years, Shifty said he would miss his friends and the good food served in the dining hall, especially the chef's specialty — *chocolate chip cookies*, the recipe of which follows below:

I've never read so much about **chocolate chip cookies** in one day in all my life. What's the matter with ginger snaps?

Do you suspect foul play?



Yes! I don't believe only a half cup of flour could yield **3 dozen cookies**...

I mean about the **robbery!**

First of all, Shifty has not been seen again since he left Doctor Clinton's office! What if he went back to the other bandits and demanded his share of the money? What if they said no and killed him? What if they then backtracked to every place he had been, destroying all evidence so his whereabouts could never be found?



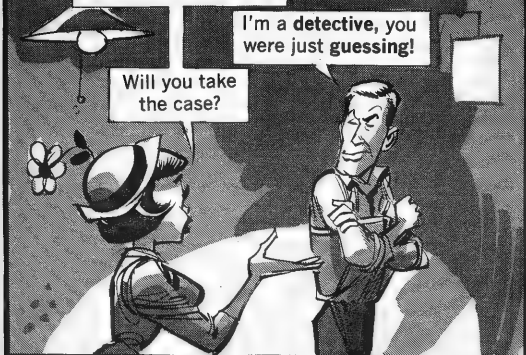
Preposterous! But hear me out for a second
...suppose Shifty went back to the other
bandits and demanded his share of the money!
Suppose they said no and killed him! Suppose
they then back-tracked to every place he
had been, destroying all evidence so his
whereabouts could never be found!



What's the difference
between **that** and
what I said?

I'm a **detective**, you
were just **guessing**!

Will you take
the case?



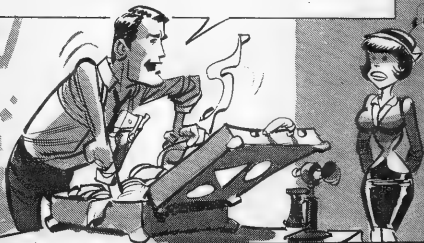
Yes! My fee is \$500. However, if you have **another** murder you want solved, I can give you **two** for \$750!

Are you sure? I don't want you to come running back to me later with **another** murder. This sale **ends** tomorrow at midnight!

I only have one case I want solved.

Just this case!

All right. We must first learn whether or not Shifty is still **alive**. We must seek out every underworld character **available**. We will approach every **stoolie** known to Police sources. We will search until the **truth** is finally uncovered. But before that I have to clear up just **one** item on my agenda... my **vacation**! See you in 6 weeks!



Vacation? **Now?** Where's your moral fiber? Where's your sense of fair play? Where's your conscience?

Right now they're all at the bottom of my suitcase. I'll drop you a post card.



But you can't leave now...

Why not?

Haven't you heard that "crime does not pay?"

So...

Neither do I, if you leave!



There's something so philosophical about your argument that I've decided to stay! Now to work... Shifty is probably going to try to get in touch with the guys who pulled the job with him. But he might have been **detained** trying to lose a tail the Police assigned to follow him. He must have tried to contact his buddies through some sort of **code**, maybe like an **ad** in the newspaper or... **wait a minute! Code! Newspaper!** Let me see that recipe for **chocolate chip cookies!**



Let's see... butter... hmmm... butter is **fat**. **A fat man! Eggs**... eggs come from **chickens**... **chicken!** Chocolate chips come in a **bag!** Brown sugar... why not regular **white** sugar. Must mean a **brown suit!** Baking powder... **powder!** Oven... **hot!** 3 dozen cookies... that's probably the code for **money!** Now put it all **together**...



"A fat man wearing a brown suit carrying a chicken on a hot day will meet you with your bag of money so you can take a powder!"

Brilliant!



Another case solved
by the Thin Man!
Well, I'm off on
vacation...

But Nick! We've only
cracked the **code**!
Now we have to find
the **murderer**!



That, dear Fran, is only
a matter of adding 2 and
2 together!

Then **who** is
the murderer?



I'm a **detective**,
not an **accountant**!

You're not going
to turn your back
on me now, are you?



Not unless you say
"Simon Says!" Oh, all
right. Let me map out
a method of attack...

WAIT! Look down there
on that **street corner!**
A fat man with a brown
suit carrying a chicken
under one arm and a
bag of money in the other!

Where? Oh him!
That's no **chicken**,
that's a **turkey!**



Boy, that was **close!** I guess
we'll have to attack
this from a different angle!
Hmmm... why did Shifty come
to Dr. Clinton in the first
place?

He had a
lot of
cavities.





Now we're **getting** somewhere! Let me keep this clipping for a while. It has Shifty's **picture** on it and I want to take it around to a few places. Meet me here tomorrow morning at 9:00!



CLICK CLICK CLICK CLACK



Did this man
ever come in
here for **bon bons**?

No, sorry...



CLICK CLACK CLICK CLACK

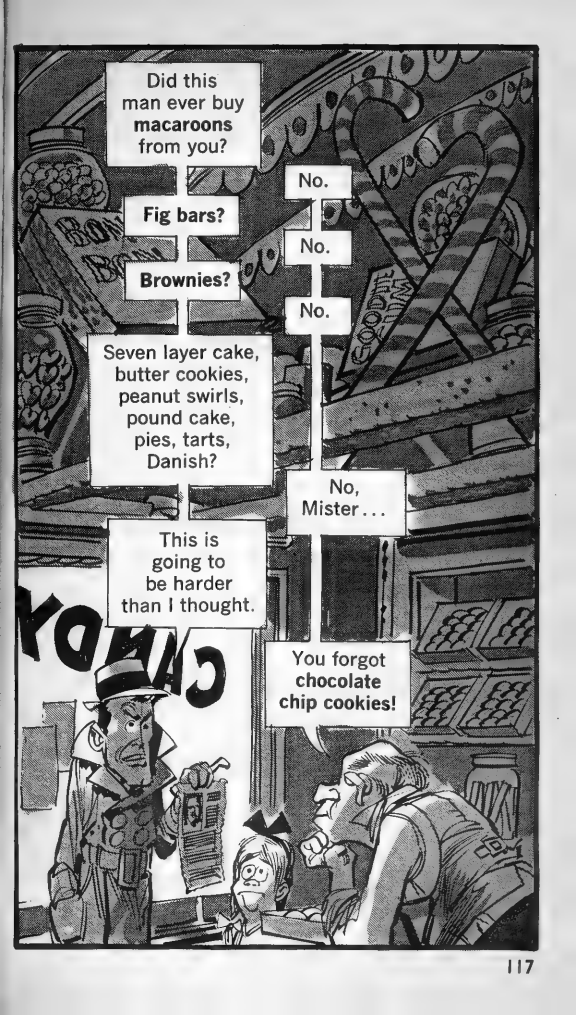


Do you recall
selling this
man **jelly apples**?

No, I'm
afraid not.

CLICK CLACK CLICK CLACK





Did this
man ever buy
macaroons
from you?

No.

Fig bars?

No.

Brownies?

No.

Seven layer cake,
butter cookies,
peanut swirls,
pound cake,
pies, tarts,
Danish?

No,
Mister...

This is
going to
be harder
than I thought.

You forgot
**chocolate
chip cookies!**



Where?

At the candy
store. I
even know
where he lives!

I'll buy you
a **cookie** if
you show me
where!



There! That's the
house! Where's my
cookie?

Didn't your parents ever
tell you not to accept
presents from **strange**
men? Now get outta here!



Mrs. Smurt?
I'm the Thin Man,
private detective ...

I'm the fat lady,
superintendent ...



Can I ask
you a
question?

That's a
question **already!**

Does this
man live
here?

Not
anymore ...



When did he move out?

Well, I didn't actually see him move out. A few days ago some men who said they were his friends went to his apartment with a **big trunk** to help him move.



What did they look like?

One of them must have been going to a **masquerade party**! He was dressed as a **fat chicken**, had a **brown suit** under one arm and a bag full of **baking powder** in the other.

Well, I was close anyway.



A few minutes later they came down the stairs carrying the trunk. It looked very heavy and it was dripping **ketchup**...

Ketchup?



Funniest thing you ever heard. The men said Mr. McClean had been saving ketchup bottles in his room and they were getting rid of them.

They left the trunk in the basement and said they'd pick it up later this week.

I'm afraid you're in for a **surprise**, Mrs. Smurt. Would you call this number and tell Miss Fran Janice to come here at once? Then both of you come down to the basement. I've got to open that **trunk**!



Later...

Ah, you're right on time. I've just about jimmied this lock open. Fran, I brought you here to make a positive identification.

Identification of what?



You'll
soon see...

Oh my God! Who on earth
could have saved that
many ketchup bottles!



Yes, my friends,
the body of Shif...

Ketchup bottles?



Well, Holy Good Night! They are ketchup bottles!



Well, Miss Janice. I think we can now consider this case **closed**! I think I've proved beyond all reason of doubt that Shifty McClean is **not** in that trunk!

But that doesn't explain why Dr. Clinton was murdered...



It's simply a matter of taking all the pieces of the **pie** and putting them **together**.

Then **who** is the murderer?



I'm a detective, not **Betty Crocker**! However, I do have an idea. Mrs. Smurt—may Fran and I go up to Shifty's room?

Listen—I run a **respectable** place here, mister!



We just want to look around.
You can come, too, or, if you
persist, I shall be forced to
go to the police and get one
of those **pieces of paper** that
says I can go into a place and
look around if...

A search
warrant!



Yeah! Do you want me
to get one of **those**?

Oh, go on up! Anyone
as **boring** as you can
be trusted alone!



Aha! Look at this mess! Must have been a struggle here!

What mess? I just straightened it up this morning!!!



This is
straightened up?

You wanna see a
room before I clean?



No, thank you!
C'mon, Fran. Let's
get outta here.

I'm sorry I
got you into
this mess...



But it was I got
you into this mess...

Well, whatever. The
line is such a natural
it had to be said by
someone! Anyway, some-
thing's bound to break
for us soon...



Extree...extree! Read
all about it. Truck
crashes...body found
in wreckage...extree!

Hey kid! Give me one
of those papers...



This newspaper
is **blank**!

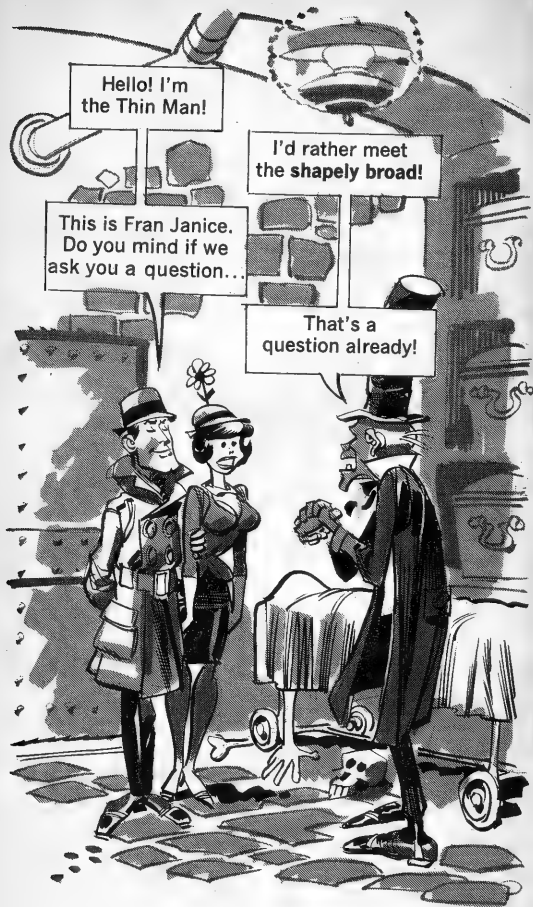
The only clue you need
is in the **headline**! If
I were you, I'd go to
the morgue...



There's nothing worse
than a ten year old brat
making like a detective!

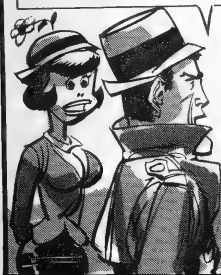
I think you're wrong
about the boy, Nick.
He's more like **eleven**!
But let's go to the
morgue anyway...



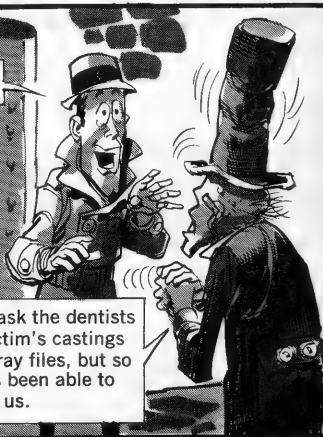


Who writes your material, Mrs. Smurt? Listen— is there any identification at all of that body found in the truck crash?

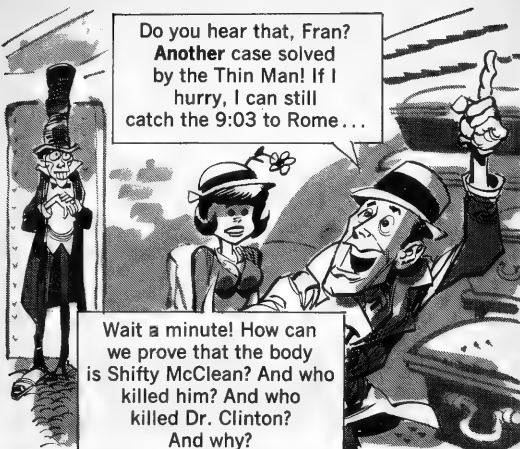
Nothing. After the crash, there was an explosion and fire. The only way we'll be able to find out who it was is by the teeth...



Teeth???




Yes. We usually ask the dentists to check the victim's castings against their X-ray files, but so far no one has been able to help us.



Do you hear that, Fran?
Another case solved
by the Thin Man! If I
hurry, I can still
catch the 9:03 to Rome...

Wait a minute! How can
we prove that the body
is Shifty McClean? And who
killed him? And who
killed Dr. Clinton?
And why?

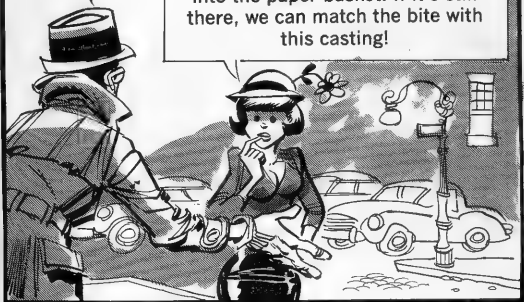


It's simple. Once you have all
the **gears**, it's just a matter
of making them mesh.

Well,
explain it
all then!

I'm a
detective,
not a
mechanic!

Well I've got an idea! The last time
Shifty was in our office he took an
apple from our bowl of fruit
and bit into it just as the doctor
called him. He threw the rest of it
into the paper basket. If it's still
there, we can match the bite with
this casting!



What makes you think the apple
would still be there? It would
have rotted away by now!

A wax apple?
C'mon,
let's go...



Extree...extree! Read
all about it. Ship sinks
...all survive but one
...extree!


Hey! There's that
kid again. But
where does a ship
fit into all this?



Hey, kid! Give
me one of
those papers...

You got **your** clues!
This edition is
for Charlie Chan!





I take one
of those, son...

A real
smarty-pants...

C'mon, Nick!
We don't have a
moment to lose.

Look! The teeth
match perfectly!
The body in the
morgue is Shifty!

Which means that
he **did** go to the
gang, demand his
share of the money,
was refused,
threatened to
reveal their names
to the police
if they didn't
pay off...

...so they killed
him. Then they got
rid of the body
and stole the
X-rays to leave no
trace. **Your turn...**

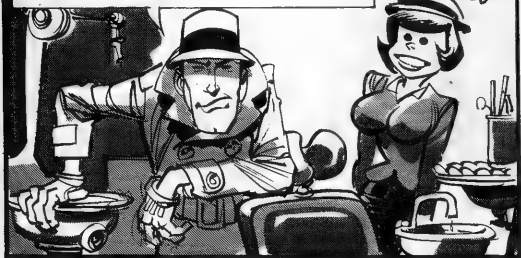
Dr. Clinton wouldn't
give the X-rays
without legal
explanation, so
they had to kill
him as well.
You go...

Which means we
have to set a **trap**
to catch the gang
that got Shifty
and Dr. Clinton.
Take it...



I have friends in the press. We'll plant a story about Shifty still being alive, having survived the crash, fire and explosion. We'll make sure we let them know where he's convalescing, then use someone as a **decoy** to pose as Shifty.

That's going to be pretty **dangerous**.



Don't worry.
You won't
get hurt...

Me?

Well, I'd do it myself,
but I've got a wife
and child to worry about!



But you're not
even married!

Well, actually it's my
best friend's wife and
child, but we're very
close. Now here's
the plan...



**Extree... extree! Read
all about it! Former
bank robber escapes fire
and explosion! Nursing
wounds at 319 West 82nd
Street, third floor rear!
Read all about it!**

Hear that, Louie?
Shifty got away!
This time we'll
finish him for
good! C'mon!

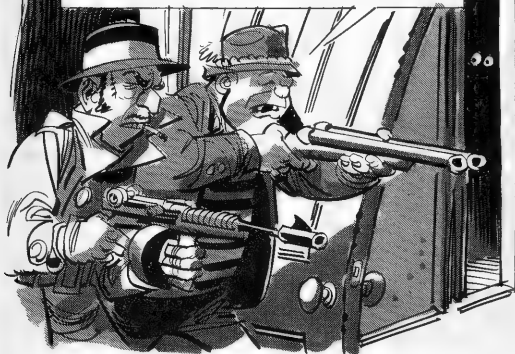


Now don't be nervous,
Fran. I'll be behind
that drape covering you
every moment! If they
pull any funny stuff,
I won't even laugh!

Quiet! I hear
footsteps coming
up the stairs...



So 20 gallons of gasoline didn't finish you
off, eh, Shifty? Well, this time...



Hold it! I'm not Shifty! And you're all being covered from **behind** you by the Thin Man, so don't turn around!

I don't know who you are, sister, but that "don't turn around" bit is an **old** routine...



Except that this is an old movie, so in effect it's a **new** routine!

In that case I'll turn around!



Drop your guns! I've got you covered! You're all going to ...er... that place with ...er... bars on the window and guards and...

Jail!

Yeah, jail!



Well, Nick,
justice has
been done!

Yes, Fran. And, well, you
know we saw a lot of each
other during this case, and,
well I don't know exactly how
to say this...



Say it, Nicky...

Well,
would you ...
could you ...

Yes?





...please get
off my back!!!



42nd St. Theatre


**BROKEN HEARTS
OVER
BROADWAY !**

BROKEN HEARTS
OVER
BROADWAY

TIMES SQUARE

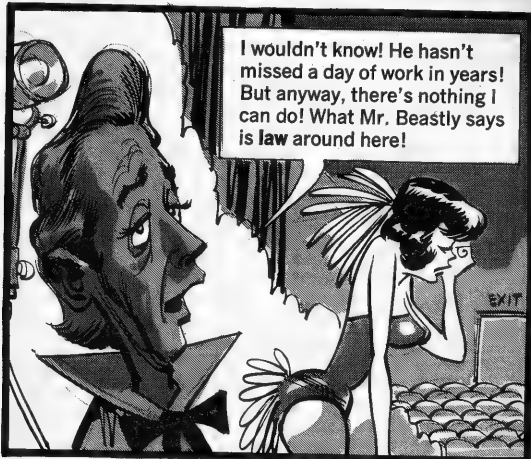


**For every light on Broadway,
General Electric makes a
fortune....**



I'm sorry, sweetheart,
but you're out!

Oh please, Mr.
Aireborne, don't
fire me! This is
my first job in
months, and I
have a husband
to support! How
would you like it
if **your** husband
was out of work?



I wouldn't know! He hasn't
missed a day of work in years!
But anyway, there's nothing I
can do! What Mr. Beastly says
is **law** around here!

She was a good dancer, Mr. Beastly! I hope you know what you're doing!

Don't forget, Aireborne, it was I who produced **Manhattan Madness, Hollywood Hoe-down ...**

... Boise Baby, Dallas Dandies, Peoria Person, and Philadelphia Follies! Every one of them was a **Beastly Production!!!** And this show, **Cincinnati Sis,** is going to be no exception!

Hello, Mr. Beastly!

And who, pray tell,
are you?

I'm Marion Star,
your Rose . . . I mean
Marion Rose, your
star!



Don't be **ridiculous**! You don't look
anything like her!

But you had them dye my hair, fix my nose,
pad my gowns, cap my teeth, lift my face,
change my walk, and polish my shoes!

Oh!



Do you want me to
rehearse now?

Not until we check your
fingerprints!! If you
are Marion Rose you won't
object to fingerprinting
and a lie detector test,
will you?

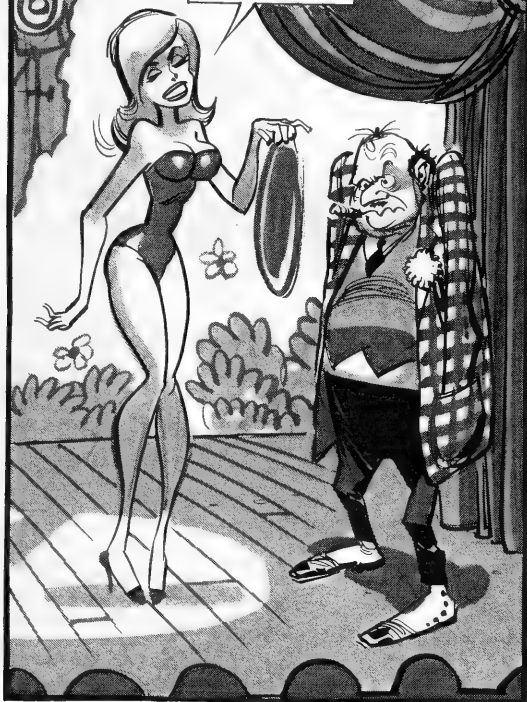


No, Mr. Beastly, but I wish
you'd have one of your
assistants keep track of me!
This is the 7th show of
yours I'm starring in, and
this is the 7th
**set of
fingerprints!**

Sure thing! O.K., boys,
**I want to see that
40 foot silver fruit
bowl on stage!!**
This will be my
greatest production
number of all time!!



Mr. Beastly! You
don't really
expect me to
wear *this*, do
you?



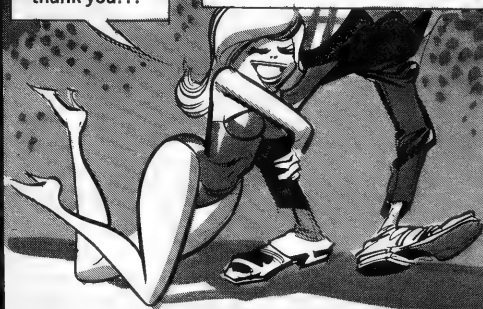
I was in the **"Food of All Nations"** number in your last show! I was a **meatball**—but you said I would have a bigger part next show—so how come I'm just a lousy **grape** in the **Fruit Salad Number**? Can't I at least be a **banana**?

Okay!
You're a
banana . . .



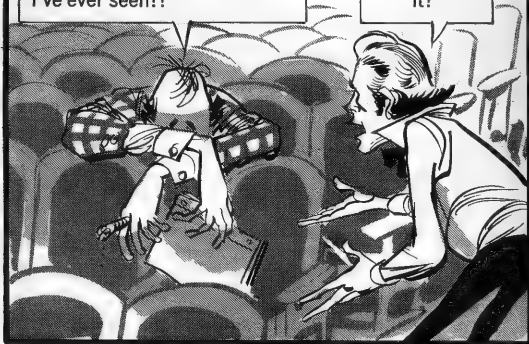
Oh, thank you,
Mr. Beastly!
Thank you,
thank you,
thank you...

Stop thanking me and get into
your skin . . .
Places everybody!!
Let's take it from the top . . .



Stop it! It's terrible! It's lousy!
It's dull! It's uninspired!
It's the worst performance
I've ever seen!!

But outside
of **that**, how
did you like
it?



Now listen closely! I
want to see **zip**! I want
to see **pazzazz**! I want
to see **vigor**!!!

Okay, Mr.
Beastly.

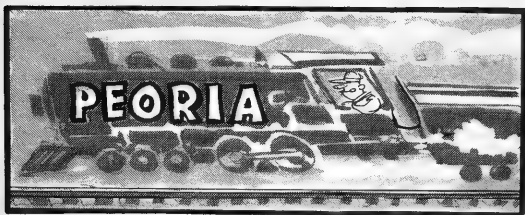
**Zip, Pazzazz and
Vigor!! On stage!!**



I'm not only talking about **them!!!** I'm talking about **all of you!** Listen, and listen good—tomorrow night we open in **Peoria!** Thursday it's **Duluth!** And

Saturday night—the **Big One!**

The lights, the crowds—the thing we've been waiting for!!! Then **after** Paterson we go to New York! But there's still a lot of work to be done...



"...you'll dance till your feet ache, your heart will feel like it's about to explode! But you'll tap! Tap hard! Tap loud! Tap until every bone in your body sings with tippy toe, tippy tap, tippy tippy tap..."



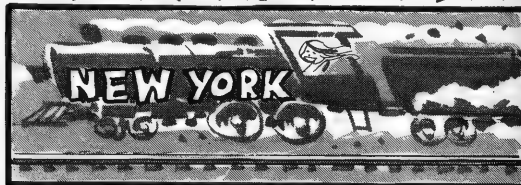
"...you'll work until
your knees grow weak
and your stomach
tightens in a knot..."

TIP TAP TIPPY TAP TAP



At first you'll hate me for pushing
you so hard. But when it's over—and
when you can't move a muscle, and you
know every step by heart—then and
only then will you learn to **despise me!**

TIPPY TIP TAP TAP TIP TIP



And finally, New York...

Listen! I don't know where your show goes from here, but you're gonna have to stop painting the names of cities on my locomotive!!



Meanwhile, in some small tenement not far from the hustle and bustle of Broadway, a young, starry-eyed girl works lovingly on her show business scrapbook...

That finishes my fifth volume on Sonny Tufts. Over 6,000 articles asking "who is he." Boy! Someday I'm going to be in show business!

My name will be right up there on top, letters five feet high—

AUDREY GLUPPERGLOSS

No, that's not a Broadway sounding name! Mamie...

MAMIE GLUPPERGLOSS...

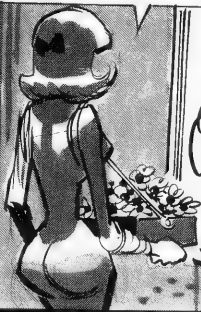


Hey! Sarah Heartburn!
If you don't hurry up
and get dressed, you'll
never sell any flowers
tonight!

Okay, mother.



Golly gee! I would love to go backstage and
see that great star Marion Rose. I wonder if
the kindly old gray-haired gentleman at the
stage door, who's seen them come and go, would
let me inside...



MARION
ROSE
IN
*Cincinatti
SiS*
A BEASTLY
PRODUCTION

STAGE
DOOR

And where do you think you're going, young lady?

I was hoping I might sell some flowers. Could you let me go in?



Well, I'm not supposed to let anyone in, you know. I'm just the kindly old gray-haired man at the stage door, who's seen them come and go! But okay, you can go in—after I tell you a few hundred entertaining show business anecdotes...



One hour to
curtain!
One hour to
curtain!

Do you have
everything
down pat?

Marion, not Pat!!
Can't you ever
remember me, Mr.
Beastly?



That's just an expression!
Now do me just one favor
and wash your hands! They're
filthy!

That's the indelible
ink from seven sets
of fingerprints!!
But I'll see if I can
get them a little
cleaner...



Quick!! Get a doctor!! Marion fell!!
She slipped on somebody's banana costume!
After tonight's show I want to see all
the bananas out of Tropical Fruit Salad!



Well, doctor?
How is she?

It's her left nostril.
I'll have to put it in
a sling...



Marion! Do you think you could do the whole show sideways, with just your **right nostril** facing the audience?

I'm afraid I can't permit that! It would be too much strain for one nostril. Her nose needs rest, proper care, diet...



What am I going to do??

45 minutes to curtain!
45 minutes to curtain!

We'll have to postpone the opening...



Postpone the opening?
NEVER!!!

I made Marion the star
she is, and I can take
someone else—**anybody**,
and make them a star
too...

Violets...
Pansies...
Gardenias...



Wait!! That Girl!! That girl selling flowers!!
Throw her out of here!!!! I want to think
without being disturbed...



You can throw me out,
Mr. Beastly, but all
I can say is...

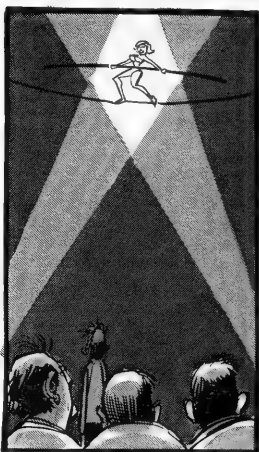
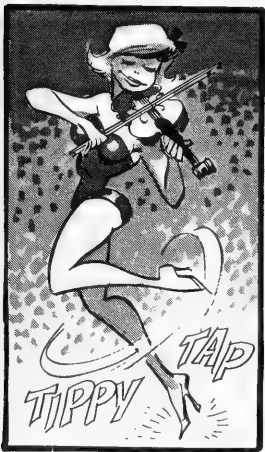
Hey! That's Marion's
opening number dance!
What else do you know?



Just this...

*"Put one hand on your head
Put one foot on the floor
Put one hand on your nose
The other foot out the door
That's the 'Do-Wacky-Do-Do-Do...'"*





That's incredible! You know the first **5 minutes** of the show! But where did you learn it all?

From the kindly old gentleman at the stage door who's seen them come and go. He taught me **all Marion's numbers**.

Is that so? Bring **Pops** to me...



Pops! I just learned that you know **all Marion's numbers**. Is that true?

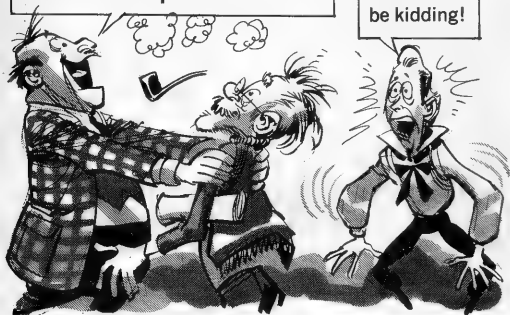
Yep! See everything from my chair at the stage door. Watch them come and go...



Well, you showed them to this girl,
and now you're going to show them
to all America...

**Alter Marion's costume to fit
Pops!!!**

**Have Pops
go on in
Marion's
place???**
You must
be kidding!



And why not have him
go on in Marion's
place, Mr. Airborne?

He has gray hair!
You know the number
calls for all blondes!



You're right! We'll have to
chance it with the kid!
All right, girl. If you can
sell flowers, you can sell
yourself ...

Please,
Mr. Beastly!
I'm not that
kind of girl!



Listen to me! Right now you're just a child. But in
less than an hour you're going to be a **star!!** I want
you to go on that stage and
dance until your feet ache and
your heart feels like it's
about to explode! But you'll
tap! Tap hard and loud! You'll
sing until you're hoarse, you'll
dance until your hair hurts ...



THERE'S NO PEOPLE LIKE

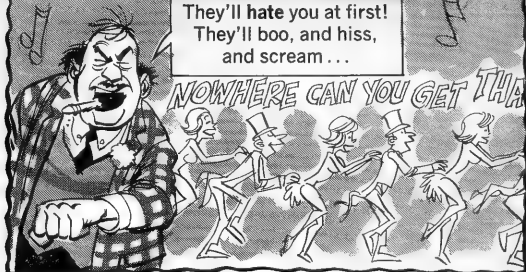
It's not going to be easy for a
newcomer to melt the cold hearts
out there...

EVERYTHING ABOUT IT IS



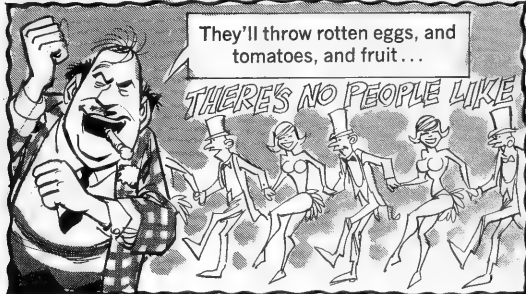
They'll hate you at first!
They'll boo, and hiss,
and scream...

NOWHERE CAN YOU GET THA



They'll throw rotten eggs, and
tomatoes, and fruit...

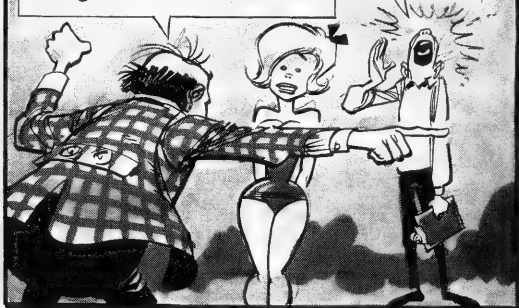
THERE'S NO PEOPLE LIKE



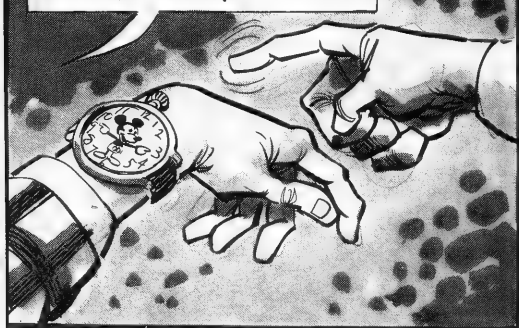


And when you come off that stage,
you'll be a star! **A STAR!** Ready
for a life of heartbreak, hard
times and sadness...
Now go out there and have fun!!!

30 minutes
to curtain!
30 minutes
to curtain!



Hear that? In just 30 minutes you'll
be a star. Which means you have just
30 minutes to run over the rest of
your **3 hour** part...



Well, Audrey did learn
her part . . . but more than
that, she learned it well!
she was an
overnight sensation!



. . . and she was a smash
for the rest of the run.



. . . but keeping contact with her family was difficult . . .



You're late!

Sorry, but the
crosstown traffic
was frightful...



It took you
NINE DAYS
to come
crosstown?



Is that how
late I am?

Yes, and your dinner is
probably cold. I made
all your favorites—
spaghetti with carmel sauce,
grape pie, apple jack...



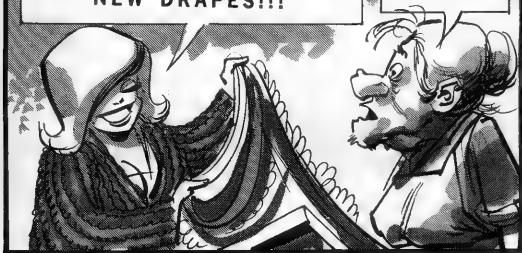
That's all very quaint, mater dear,
but just throw a bit of caviar on a
plate and fill one of my slippers
with champagne!

Caviar!
Champagne!
I told you
show
business
would ruin
you!



Show business has been good to me, mater, and I have a surprise for you. I'm tired of seeing you living in this dump with the same old beat up rug, the broken down furniture, the leaky plumbing, and the cheap drapes! I bought you **NEW DRAPES!!!**

New drapes phooey! I want you, my little baby, you come **home** to Mama!!



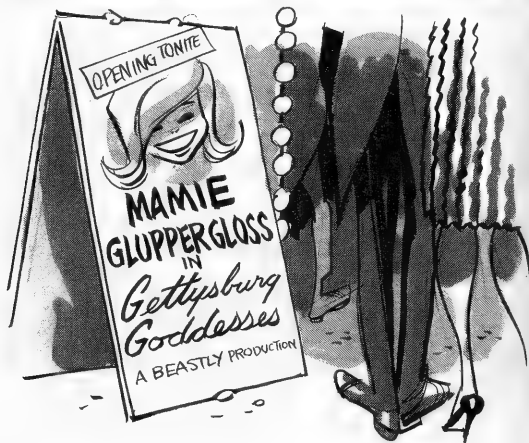
You might as well face the fact that I'm **not** your little baby, and that I'll **never** come back! It's not that I don't love you or this place—it's the **combination of the two** that makes me sick!



Ha! That's the thanks I get! You may be a big star, Miss . . . Miss **Mamie**, but don't forget—I knew you when you were a **baby**! And you're going to pay for pushing me aside! You're going to pay for breaking an old woman's heart! You're going to pay! Mark my words! Sure, I want to see you happy, but even more than that, I want to see you **suffer**!

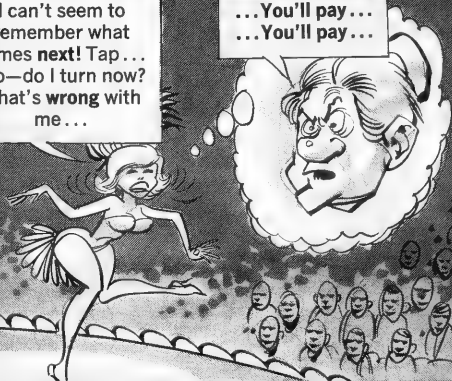
You'll pay . . .

You'll pay . . .



Tap...tap...tap
I can't seem to
remember what
comes **next!** Tap...
tap—do I turn now?
What's **wrong** with
me...

...You'll pay...
...You'll pay...

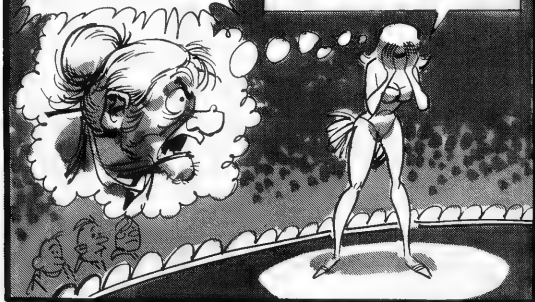


Airborne! What's wrong with her!
Her timing is all off! This number
should take 3 minutes, and she's
been out there for half an hour...



**"You're going to pay
for breaking an old
woman's heart!
...You'll pay!
...You'll pay!"**

**I CAN'T STAND IT!
I CAN'T GO ON!
I HATE SHOW BUSINESS
AND EVERYONE IN IT!!!
I HATE YOU ALL...**



Did you hear that?

She hates us all!

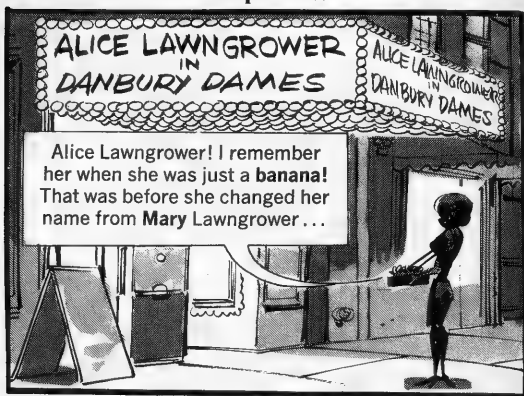
She hates show business!

She's had it!!!





...and when the pages had all been swept away, 2 years
had passed...



Now **her** name is up there
where **mine** used to be!
Now **she's** the star!
Now **she's** the one who'll
do...



Hey there, Miss!
What do you think
you're doing?

Just this...



Just that???

...and this...



Am I mistaken, or was that ...



Who's that tapping on my lid ...
And can I join you in that step
you did ...



Come on all you folks on the street
Let's hear a tap... tap... tap from your
feet...

Let a tap... tap... tap
Be your song
Tap... tap... tap
All day long



I don't know if you
know who I am, but ...

Everyone knows
Alfred Blake,
producer ...

THERE'S
NO
BUSINESS
LIKE SHOW
BUSINESS

Well, I've been **watching**
you, Miss, and today is
your **lucky day!** Joyce
Ridges, the star of my
latest musical extravaganza
has taken ill and was just
rushed to the hospital!

You mean???

EVER
THAT
TRAFFIC
WILL AL



**YES!!!
I'LL BUY
ALL YOUR
FLOWERS!!!**

**AS WHEN
YOU'RE STEALING
THAT EXT**



Ever since he can remember, Dick De Bartolo wanted to be a writer of comedy and humor, but until that day comes along, he keeps plugging away for Mad Magazine! Not that his work isn't recognized—millions of people recognize it immediately and pass it by! What makes them do this is Dick's novel approach to comedy. He starts out by writing serious, and then doesn't change a word! But unfortunately, his talents are not confined to Mad alone. His humorous touch was evident on the now defunct "That Was The Week That Was," the now defunct "Dough Re Mi," and he was writer-producer of the now defunct "Winky Dink & You." If his "magic touch" continues, Mad Magazine will be defunct by the time you read this! Dick has also written "On The Set," "The Funny Side of TV," "Let The Cameras Roll," "Gals, Gams and Gags," and literally dozens of other book titles, but this is the first title he has written some insides for!

We know you'll like...



A MAD LOOK AT OLD MOVIES

PUBLISHED BY

THE NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY

Tarzan Faces

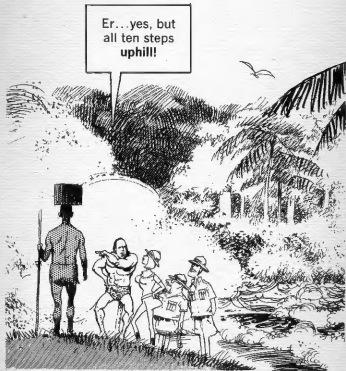


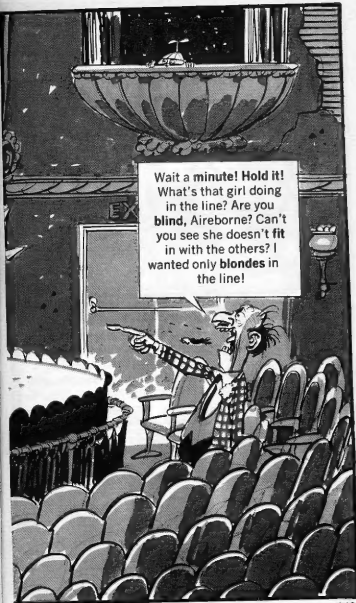
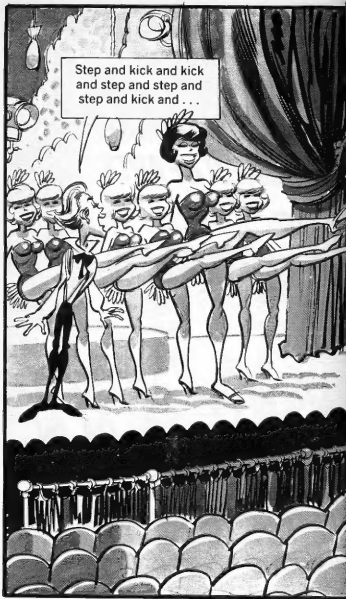
Put her down in
the first clearing
you see, Duke.

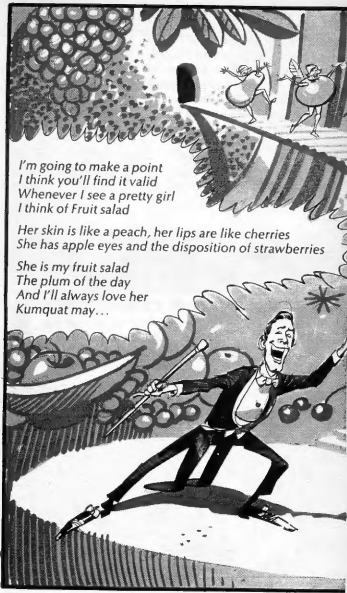
ces Tsuris



I'm so glad you let me come
on this expedition, Dad.
Imagine! The first people ever
to set foot in this territory!





A man in a tuxedo is dancing joyfully in a landscape made of various fruits. He is holding a banana like a sword. In the background, two anthropomorphic fruit characters, a peach and an apple, are walking on a path. The scene is framed by large, stylized fruit shapes like grapes and leaves.

*I'm going to make a point
I think you'll find it valid
Whenever I see a pretty girl
I think of Fruit salad*

*Her skin is like a peach, her lips are like cherries
She has apple eyes and the disposition of strawberries*

*She is my fruit salad
The plum of the day
And I'll always love her
Kumquat may...*

